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## THE WAR.

THE Germans are beginning to realize the fact that they have no chance at present of entering Paris. The best authorities seem to agree that the city can hold out for at least two months more, and that during that time there will be salt meat, as well as bread and wine. There will of course be great privations, but absolute starvation is not to be apprehended at present. The prisoners who fell in the sorties at the beginning of the month were proved to have been well-fed men, with no symptoms of having had short rations to endure, and with provisions enough for five or six days' march in their knapsacks. This does not perhaps show much as to the general condition of the city, as the troops must be fed even if civilians starve, but it is quite in harmony with all the accounts received lately of the present state of Paris. The troops are well fed, and the civil population is so far fed that it can go on, keep up its spirits, and not lose heart or strength. This has undoubtedly been a disappointment to the besiegers, who thought that famine must before this have compelled a surrender, and who know now that they have a very difficult task before them. They have still nothing but famine to rely on in their attack on Paris. The population of the city is not in the humour to be frightened by a bombardment, an operation of war which is alarming for the moment, but produces no lasting terror, as it is soon seen how little harm it can really do. The inhabitants of one or two quarters of Paris would suffer, a few houses would be shattered, and a few lives lost. But two or three days after the bombardment things would go on just as before, while a sense of relief would be felt at the Germans having done their worst, and having done it in vain. The position of the heavy artillery of the besiegers would also be ascertained, and the great guns of the French would be directed where their fire could be most effective. The alternative for the Germans is to direct their fire, not against the city, but against one or more of the forts; but the forts have during the last few weeks been so strengthened, and every position that can protect or command them has been so strongly occupied, that even if the Germans could silence the fire of a fort, it may well be doubted whether they could take or hold it. And while the Germans are waiting, the French are taking the offensive. They are pushing out their lines of defence, so that on the West it is said they will soon be able to shell Versailles; while on the East, Mount Avron has been converted into a new position of the most formidable kind. General TROCHU will probably not attempt to get any great portion of his troops out at present, as there is no army of relief at hand with which to co-operate. But the further he can push the besiegers back the weaker becomes the line of investment, unless the numbers of the besieging army are augmented. The tactics of the French at present seem to consist in a concerted attempt to wear the Germans out; and Paris is making a most valuable contribution to the attempt by efforts which fully occupy the attention of the besiegers, so that no portion of their force can be spared; and by preparing the way for a final sortie against thinned and extended lines.

The provincial armies are now threatening the besiegers on four different sides. In no quarter have the French army successes to cheer them; but in none are they decisively beaten. The Army of the North has made no progress of any consequence, but it has not been broken up, and it distracts the attention of General MANTEUFFEL and prevents him from going further westward. If it could but defeat the German troops that have been withdrawn from Amiens, it might possibly venture to pass Soissons, and get to the valley of the Seine by Château-Thierry. It is said to be of very poor quality, but the Fifteenth Corps, which has been through so many battles with CHANZY, was the corps

which lost Orleans by its unreasonable panic; and if the French armies generally can but do what has been done in the Marchenoir country, and be defeated one day only to fight the next, so as to beat the enemy by being beaten, there is no saying what success may not await the army under General FAIDHERBE. The Army of the Loire broke up after the capture of Orleans into two fragments, that under BOURBAKI falling back on Bourges, where it is large enough and in a sufficiently good position to detain the bulk of the forces of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, while that under CHANZY retired towards the Loir. This force, ably commanded, fought in eleven days eight battles, and although the Duke of MECKLENBURG gradually forced it behind the Loir and occupied Vendôme, yet it was not beaten, and fell back on its supports, which it can draw in great quantities from Conlie and Le Mans. Unless this force is kept constantly in check, it will be able to march towards Paris by way of Chartres; and although it is now announced that the forces of the Duke of MECKLENBURG are to be divided, one section marching on Le Mans and the other on Tours, it may be very much doubted whether the Germans can afford to go much further to the South-west. Lastly, the communications of the Germans are threatened at the base by the French forces in Burgundy, and it is as much as General VON WERDER can do to hold his own in that quarter. He has had, almost at the same time, to repel an attack on his north from Langres, a great central stronghold of the Franks-tireurs, and to retake by storm Nuits on his south, which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In both operations he has been successful, and the retaking of Nuits was a brilliant affair, of which the Badenese, who were chiefly engaged, are reasonably proud. Nowhere, indeed, have the Germans failed to do what they have undertaken to do. But every day they are called on to make new exertions, and their courage and resources are severely taxed to endure the incessant strain that is put on them on so many sides.

The contest is now a more equal one than it has been at any time since Sedan, or rather perhaps it should be said since BAZAINE, by his premature surrender of Metz, baffled the hopes founded on the creation of the Army of the Loire. If every French General fought, and could make his troops fight, as CHANZY has done, the position of the Germans would be a dangerous one. But if we try to estimate the probabilities of the war during the next month or two, we must take into consideration the fact that the Germans are still successful, and have the confidence and prestige of success whenever they come to close quarters with the French, and that never were the skill and foresight of the great German General more conspicuously displayed than they have been lately when combinations have had to be made and movements directed over so vast an area. The real difficulty of the Germans is to keep up the required strength of men. How severely they have suffered in the campaign is sufficiently attested by the circumstance that VON DER TANN's thirty thousand Bavarians have been reduced to five or six thousand, and that, although after some of the earlier conflicts with CHANZY this precious remnant was sent back to Orleans to rest, some part of it had to be recalled in order to take part in the action of the 15th, which made the Germans masters of Vendôme and of the upper valley of the Loir. It is at present a much more serious thing for the Germans to lose ten thousand men than for the French to lose twenty thousand, and the scale of operations is so large that the German troops are obliged to keep marching hither and thither, to form plans and change them, and to be constantly looking for enemies whom they cannot find. The consequent wear and tear of mind and body must be excessive, and it is only their great physical strength, their indomitable patience, and their confidence, founded on ample experience, that they are never made to move except in the right direction, that enable the

men to endure what they have to go through. At the same time, although the Germans have had much more difficulty in taking Paris than they expected, and although the quality of their troops and the genius of their chief commander are now being rudely tested, the great advantages they possess are not to be overlooked. With their large population, it is scarcely possible that they should fail for want of men, and raw troops are of more value to them than to the French. They can be trusted with garrison duty, which would free a corresponding number of trained and seasoned soldiers to go forward; and if they themselves are sent to the scene of active duty, they will be incorporated at once with some of the best and steadiest troops in the world. It is said that of the few regular troops that still remain to France, a large proportionate number was with CHANZY in his long struggle between the Loire and its affluent the Loir; and if this mixture served to steady the novices of his army, the same advantage will be enjoyed in a still higher degree by the Germans. Then, again, the Germans have a commander-in-chief, while the French have not; and it is not only because he is such a commander as VON MOLTKE, but also because he is a commander-in-chief and combines all the operations of his numerous armies into a whole, that the acting head of the German army has so great a superiority; while it is idle to think that a civilian like GAMBETTA can do for France what VON MOLTKE does for Germany.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE FENIAN CONVICTS.

IT is possible that the Government may have been justified in releasing the prisoners who were convicted of treason-felony in Ireland three years ago. For ordinary criminals whose term of punishment was shortened, it would have been thought sufficient to open the prison doors with a parting admonition to the effect that they would find it prudent to look carefully to their future conduct; but it was not to be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE should neglect to improve the occasion in a public letter. He informs a body of Irish memorialists that the prisoners had deserved their sentence, but he alleges certain reasons for avoiding the obvious inference that they ought to suffer the full punishment awarded by the law. He says that the country is now tranquil, that recent applications for the release of the prisoners have been expressed in decorous terms, and that on the whole the sentences may, in the opinion of the Government, be remitted with safety. The pardon, however, is not unconditional, for the liberated criminals are liable to further punishment if they are found hereafter within the limits of the United Kingdom. If they wish to resume their trade of conspiracy, they will do well to offer their services to General NEILL or General BUTLER for an invasion of Canada. In those happy countries, under the lenient administration of Presidents like General GRANT, the penalty for piratical incursion into a neighbouring territory seldom exceeds six weeks' easy imprisonment. It is difficult to feel any active sympathy with the patriots who profit by Mr. GLADSTONE's clemency. Their treasonable attempts were excused neither by any oppression on the part of the English Government nor by any reasonable hope of success. In a time of peace they attempted, for their own purposes, to levy war against a Power which is still strong enough to repress the violence of irregular bands of marauders. Having displayed in the management of their hopeless enterprise neither courage nor conduct, they and their friends have, during their term of imprisonment, incessantly blustered and threatened and lied. Some of them have been guilty of gross insubordination in prison; and the officers who, in discharge of their duty, have enforced regular discipline have been grossly calumniated. A year ago an agitation for the release of the Fenians was conducted with a degree of seditious violence which rendered it impossible for Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORTESCUE to court Irish popularity at the expense of incurring English indignation. Perhaps it may have been judicious to let the convicts go at the moment when their existence was almost forgotten; but it would have been more dignified to exercise the Royal prerogative without formal apology or explanation. The applicants for mercy for the most part sympathized with the political tendencies of the prisoners, as well as with their sufferings; nor was it a reason for remitting the punishment that a favour shown to Fenians would be agreeable to any class of the community.

Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps fails to see the force of his own unnecessary admission that there were Irish grievances to redress when the Fenian conspirators attempted to organize an insurrection. If he had been addressing political opponents of the

Protestant Establishment, or occupiers who objected to the former incidents of land tenure, he might fairly have argued that the attempt to obtain by civil war concessions which Parliament has since made to political agitation implied culpable impatience; but the Irish convicts, to do them justice, made no pretence of special hostility to the Church; and they proposed to confiscate the revenues and reversions of the landowners, instead of affecting to provide legal security for the tenants. In dealing with MOLOCH it is irrelevant to prove that the wiles of BELIAL were ill conceived. The sentence of Irish rebels is always for open war, though it must be admitted that, trusting with reason to the long-suffering of English Governments, they generally confine their treason to words. It is useless to tell the malcontents that they can obtain their objects by constitutional means. Their demands are invariably recommended for adoption by the fact that it is impossible to concede them. Mr. BUTT insists on the dissolution of the Monarchy into a Federal Union, on pain of the enmity of twelve millions of Irishmen, including emigrants to America and some imaginary millions added for ornament. Other agitators have lately been expressing vehement partisanship with France against Germany, under a vague belief that the English Government must have adopted the other side in the quarrel, as being originally just. It is unnecessary, when an Irish rebel bites his thumb, to inquire whether he has any ulterior meaning. Whether he talks about Federalism, or the wrongs of France, or the rights of the POPE, he is always biting his thumb at England. Mr. GLADSTONE is greatly mistaken if he hopes to silence a single declaimer by his release of the Fenian prisoners. The residuary punishment of exile to countries beyond the reach of English tyranny will be quite as good a subject for complaint as the fictitious cruelties supposed to have been inflicted in gaol. No sober-minded person believed that the seditious brawlers who a year ago clamoured for the remission of the sentences felt the smallest interest in the welfare of the convicts whose imprisonment they prolonged to the present time. It is easy to anticipate the grateful acknowledgments of the treasonable Irish newspapers. It will be said that the Government, after satisfying a base spirit of vengeance, has at length yielded to terror. The last batch of liberated convicts were invited by their admirers at Cork to an entertainment where they talked largely of rebellion. One of those who profit by the recent exercise of mercy was some months since elected for an Irish county, in defiance of the law and the Government.

The distinction between political and ordinary crimes, though it undoubtedly exists, is difficult to draw in practice. A thief or a vulgar murderer provokes a different kind of feeling from the equally genuine but less absolute reprobation which applies to a mischievous fool. As in other human transactions, cases occur on the exact boundary between commonplace felony and treason; and Irish ingenuity seldom fails to obliterate the distinction by claiming forbearance for the coarsest private crimes as patriotic errors. Because philanthropic sophists invent excuses for rebellious plots in Ireland, the Fenians and their advocates boldly claim a right of levying private and isolated war on England. When some Irish ruffians deliberately murdered a policeman who was discharging his duty in Manchester, the sentences which were necessarily passed and enforced raised the criminals into martyrs whose memory is celebrated to the present day at all rebel festivals in Ireland. According to the Fenian theory, assassins are lawful belligerents; and English justice might almost be tempted into the repartee of treating the promoters of civil war as assassins; yet it is undoubtedly true that the perversity which leads a man to design a hopeless rebellion is not necessarily connected with the lowest moral degradation. If the attempt were successful, it would become legitimate in the sense in which both parties in a civil war are supposed to have equal rights; but every established Government is bound to protect itself, by the menace and infliction of punishment, from inchoate and probably abortive attacks. In simpler times no blame attached to a Government for punishing in the severest manner insurgents who nevertheless commanded general sympathy. In 1715 and 1745 the Jacobite lords were regarded by their more generous enemies as chivalrous adventurers desperately defending a losing cause; and, on the other hand, their friends thought it as natural that they should be beheaded when they were taken prisoners as that they should be exposed, while their resistance continued, to the ordinary risks of war. Modern feeling is more sensitive, and the accomplices in a more unjustifiable insurrection may perhaps be thought to have suffered enough by three years' imprisonment if they can now safely be let go.

The convicts themselves will probably have had warning enough to induce them henceforth to avoid the clutches of the law. It would be too much to hope that their example will deter imitators when on the next occasion discontent laboriously fostered bursts into open violence.

It might have been hoped that a letter addressed to an ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin bore no reference to prisoners convicted of acts committed in England. One of the prisoners was sentenced only a few months ago on the clearest evidence, and another was concerned in the monstrous crime which was perpetrated at the expense of the innocent inhabitants of Clerkenwell. Probably even the petitioners who formerly addressed the House of Commons on behalf of the Irish Fenian ringleaders would hesitate to assert that England affords a convenient base for Irish insurrection. If a conspiracy for changing the form of government is venial, the wildest Irish rebel never hoped to establish a Fenian Republic in England. The wall of Clerkenwell Prison was blown down, at the certain cost of several lives, to facilitate the escape of a leader of Irish insurgents. It is discreditable to the Government to treat so lawless an outrage as a political offence. The Government of the United States, at a time when the Confederates were admitted to all the privileges of belligerents, rightly treated an alleged plot of incendiarism and plunder in New York as a civil crime. To acquire belligerent rights, insurgents must have an organized government and army; to become entitled to the qualified toleration which modern humanity accords to political acts of violence, it is at least necessary to contemplate a political revolution. The authors of the Clerkenwell explosion had not even the hope or the wish of superseding the local vestry. Until the release of the convicts in England was announced it would have been unjust to suspect the Government of meditating any similar dereliction of duty. The measure which ostensibly furnished occasion for Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter probably originated with Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, who has nothing to do with the course of justice in England. Even in Ireland, the tranquillity which Mr. GLADSTONE notices has been produced neither by the abolition of the Irish Church, nor by the transfer of a portion of the property of the landowners to the tenants. The Peace Protection Act to a great extent frightened the conspirators, who are inaccessible to gratitude or to sense of justice. The release of the Irish Fenians will not conciliate their adherents; but, if it could be safely granted, it may perhaps have been justifiable.

#### THE RESIGNATION OF MR. BRIGHT.

THE resignation of Mr. BRIGHT is neither premature nor unexpected. Had it been any one else, it might even have been thought right that he should have resigned before. But scarcely any one could imagine that Mr. BRIGHT was clinging to office from petty motives, and his colleagues most properly desired to postpone to the last possible moment their separation from a member of the Cabinet whose entrance into office had been so welcome to the country and so valuable to the Ministry. We should have thought that no one would have supposed for a moment that Mr. BRIGHT was capable of holding with a pecuniary object an office the duties of which he could not discharge; but party spirit prompted a leading Conservative journal to hint, with an equal ignorance of Mr. BRIGHT and of the actual state of the case, that he had been waiting till he could claim a pension. Mr. BRIGHT leaves the Cabinet at a moment when he is able to announce that he is in perfect harmony with his colleagues on all subjects of foreign as well as domestic policy. There is therefore no sort of reason to suppose that he leaves because he thinks the Cabinet too little Liberal or too little peaceful. He is satisfied with the Education Bill, and satisfied with Lord GRANVILLE'S courteous but resolute opposition to Russia. Still his retirement from office, although it indicates no difference of opinion and is solely due to ill health, must be a cause of genuine regret to most of those he has quitted. It is true that he has not been of much use to them in the daily administration of affairs. He could take no part in the debates on the Irish Land Bill, and even when he was well enough to attend to his duties as head of the Board of Trade he certainly did not distinguish himself as an administrator. The notion of being at once a servant and a protector of the public was strange to his mind. His speech on adulteration and false weights and measures will not soon be forgotten, and he never got further in the superintendence of railways than to conceive a vague idea that poor shareholders ought not to be fleeced because directors allowed passengers to be killed. But his presence in the House of Commons as a member of the

Cabinet had indirectly an effect most beneficial to the Ministry. He shielded them from the attacks of two very different classes of men—of the advanced Liberals and of the more moderate Conservatives. A large section of advanced Liberals see in the aristocracy the hereditary foes of rational improvement, and Mr. BRIGHT has been for years the staunchest opponent of the aristocracy. Another large section of advanced Liberals hate war, and every preparation for war, and the great Quaker orator has been for years the most prominent apostle of peace. On the other hand, the Conservatives have of late years taken a fancy for Mr. BRIGHT. They enjoy parading a fondness for him, as a means of demonstrating their bitter dislike of Mr. GLADSTONE. They found in him a straightforward enemy, one on whose actions and words they might rely, and one who imported very little personal animosity into political conflicts. And there really is a sense in which Mr. BRIGHT is something of a Conservative. He strove at the beginning of the year to damp the ardour of those who wished Parliament to do too many things at once. He is altogether without the fussiness of statesmanship, and his despondent inactivity might easily be regarded as a valuable check on the rashness and impetuosity of some of his colleagues. Then, again, no one believes less in the British workman, except as an elector, than Mr. BRIGHT. Working-men in his opinion are made to vote, but then they are also made to vote for respectable, intelligent, if Liberal, superiors. He treated the candidature of Mr. ODGER with the utmost contempt, and for once in his life felt and spoke like a Whig peer. No wonder, then, that Conservatives had a slight leaning towards him, and were more ready both to recognise the strength and accept the dictation of the Ministry while he remained in it as an active member.

There can be little doubt that the Ministry will meet Parliament with less strength than it commanded at the beginning of last Session. This does not mean that there is any probability that can now be foreseen of their having to quit office; nor has their general policy ceased to command the confidence of the country. But the enthusiasm for the Ministry is gone. It is no longer above criticism. It has ceased to be the most superior Ministry that ever existed. Partly, it must be owned, this is due to causes over which it has no control. Every Liberal Government is sooner or later exposed to the danger that its more extreme supporters come to think more of what it will not do than of what it will do. They see its most dangerous and disgraceful backslidings in the middle course which for the purpose of practical success it is obliged to take. They accuse it of preferring its enemies to its friends. A section of the Liberal party was loud last Session in its complaints that it was thrown over in order that Mr. GLADSTONE might purchase the aid of the Conservatives. This is not at all to the discredit of the Ministry, unless the line they took was in itself wrong, and those who believe that a delay in passing the Education Bill would have been pernicious, and that the country really got what it wanted, cannot possibly blame Mr. GLADSTONE because he declined to give up everything to please Mr. FAWCETT and his friends. But though such divisions in a Liberal party are inevitable, and are not any grounds of fair reproach to the Government, they may easily become dangerous. Mr. BRIGHT in his time has shown how a Liberal Government may be broken up by a sudden junction of Radicals with Conservatives. At the present moment no one would be more likely than he to prevent such a split, and there are many advanced Liberals who will consider themselves more free to turn against a Cabinet of which Mr. BRIGHT has ceased to be a member. Then, again, the Ministry is now weakened by the mere fact that it has done its great work. It is to some extent undermined by its own achievements. It has carried its two Irish measures. It has got rid of the Irish Church, and it has given new laws to the Irish tenants. Ireland has got all that it is likely to have at present, or can reasonably want. The very thoroughness of the measures makes it less necessary that their authors should be in power. Even a Conservative Government could now govern Ireland, for it would have no Church to uphold and no evicting landlords to protect. The peace of Ireland is preserved by vigorous and exceptional measures, and it could only be in matters of detail that a new Government would vary from the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. It is true that a branch of the old Upas-tree is still supposed to be standing, and Mr. GLADSTONE is vaguely pledged to do something great for Irish education. But England cannot be persuaded to identify opposition to Ultramontanism with the maintenance of the old domineering Protestant supremacy, and the Irish appear to be equally reluctant to thwart and to encourage the power of the priests. The

Ultramontane difficulty will be as great a difficulty to Mr. GLADSTONE as it was to the Ministry which introduced into English politics the great notion of levelling upwards. Irish education is a subject which most people prefer to see left alone, and if Mr. GLADSTONE thinks himself bound to meddle with it he will do so without any current of well-defined Liberal opinion running in his favour.

It is, however, in the personal position of some of its members that the Ministry has chiefly lost ground. Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. FORSTER are the exceptions, and the country is perfectly satisfied with the exponent of its foreign policy and with the author of the Education Bill. Mr. LOWE, the CHANCELLOR, and Mr. CHILDERS also conduct the business of their departments in a manner that would make most people very sorry that they should be replaced by any competitors for office. But it is very different with the PREMIER, with Mr. CARDWELL, and especially with Mr. BRUCE; while Mr. AYRTON continually casts a shadow of niggardly vulgarity over himself and over all who hold office with him. Mr. CARDWELL may deceive the expectations that have been formed of him, but at present what is thought of him is certainly not that he is the right man in the right place. What the country wants is a large, statesmanlike, comprehensive scheme of army reform, a scheme that will restore to England her confidence in herself, that will make her feel safe, and also the chief of the defensive Powers. Such a scheme will demand great boldness and great prudence, and those who see in Mr. CARDWELL a neat speaker and a painstaking official would like a man with rather bigger mind and of a higher calibre to be entrusted with so great a charge as that of remodelling the army. But still there is no positive reason for doubting the fitness of Mr. CARDWELL for his new duties; all that can be said is that it will be a pleasant surprise if he shows himself equal to them. Mr. BRUCE, on the contrary, has shown much too well what he can do and cannot do, and every crawler that goes happily along the streets of London without a flag attests the amazing incompetency of the HOME SECRETARY. Unfortunately some of the most serious work of next Session promises to lie in his department, and measures of domestic reform which have been postponed for many years, owing to Reform and Ireland, now press on us as absolutely necessary. It is a fatality, shown by almost all Ministers alike, that the Home Office is given to one of the weakest members of the Cabinet. There have been exceptions in late years, such as Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY; but these exceptions have been few and temporary, and ordinarily some one like Mr. WALPOLE or Mr. BRUCE is thought quite good enough for a sphere of petty and laborious duties. But it is the PREMIER himself who in the last few months has done most to shake his Ministry. His ill-timed silence about Belgium, which was a purely wilful indiscretion, as what the Ministry was doing with regard to Belgium was substantially right and wise, created a distrust of his foreign policy, which was extended to his home policy by his perfectly uncalled for and irrelevant expression of adherence to manhood suffrage. His address to the exhibitors at Islington betokened that he was still the victim of the fine phrases which he has so often spun in honour of a commercial millennium, and it was highly unsatisfactory to find that England was governed by a Premier on whom the facts of real life seemed to make no impression. But none of these indiscretions were at all comparable to the gigantic folly of writing, under the transparent veil of anonymous criticism, a jeering attack on the two great Powers with whom England finds it so difficult to preserve an even and neutral friendship. The blindness, too, to the great difficulties of foreign policy with which England has now to contend might have been passed over in an ordinary writer who merely wished to end an article with a grandiloquent flourish about "Happy England," but became a source of national alarm when it was found to have inspired the sentences of a Prime Minister. When he next meets the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE will meet it with the country having come to the conclusion that, although he is a statesman with many great qualities, he is by no means a wise man or a discreet one; and it is not to be expected that no indication of this general impression will be found in the attitude towards him of his opponents and his supporters.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

GENERAL BUTLER may be congratulated on the boldness or impudence with which he gave expression to the policy of the PRESIDENT and the Republican party. His avowed desire to quarrel with England, for the purpose of

re-uniting the sections of the dominant faction at home, was so cynically and characteristically lawless that it was almost universally censured by the more respectable American journals; yet the same writers join in a chorus of applause when the PRESIDENT reproduces Mr. BUTLER'S conclusions, and they vindicate their approval by the adoption of Mr. BUTLER'S arguments. The *New York Times* significantly observes that the Message is the best answer to those who assert that the mission of the Republican party is ended. As long as insult and menace to England can prolong the tenure of popularity, no party or President is likely to allow a profitable mission to come to an end. It may almost be said that Mr. BUTLER is the author of the most important part of the PRESIDENT'S Message. The proposal that the Government should buy up the *Alabama* claims, the vexatious complaint about the fisheries, the suggestion that Canadian vessels should be forbidden access to the ports of the United States, are all to be found alike in Mr. BUTLER'S Massachusetts speeches and in the PRESIDENT'S Message. If Mr. BUTLER declares that he will not recognise the Dominion of Canada, the PRESIDENT discourteously describes it as "the colonial authority known as the Dominion of Canada." In a formal document the designation of a man as "Mr. A. B., commonly known as Viscount C." is intended to deny the legal right to a title of courtesy. General GRANT and Mr. BUTLER refuse to admit that the Crown of Great Britain and the Governments of the North American Colonies had a right to determine the constitution of Canada, and the name by which it should be known. An English Foreign Minister would be justly charged with rudeness if he were to describe Montana or Arizona as "a district known as a Territory of the United States." The ingenuous politicians who habitually believe that, because England is friendly to America, America is friendly to England, will find it difficult to affix a sanguine interpretation to the PRESIDENT'S language on the *Alabama* claims. It is now demanded that the English Government shall agree to "a full and friendly adjustment of the claims," or, in other words, that it shall submit to the extreme pretensions of the American Government. General GRANT'S predecessors held that the question was proper for arbitration; but the words of the Message are intended to exclude all discussion of principle or detail. If the PRESIDENT'S doctrine is examined, it will be found to involve one of two alternative propositions. Either a neutral Government is in all cases responsible for the damage inflicted by a vessel escaping from its ports which may ultimately be employed as a cruiser by a belligerent; or the negligence of the English Government must be acknowledged by itself to be so gross as to involve liability for the damage caused by the *Alabama*, and perhaps by other vessels. Yet the argument adduced by Lord RUSSELL has never been confuted, though for the sake of conciliation his position has been abandoned. The American Government, in cases precisely similar to that of the *Alabama*, uniformly disclaimed responsibility to belligerents; and it for some time strongly insisted that the question of negligence was a proper subject for arbitration. The comments of the Republican papers on the Message illustrate the habitually overbearing temper of American politicians. The *New York Times* fears that "the PRESIDENT'S allusions to the *Alabama* claims may disappoint some by their extreme moderation." Perhaps the creditor in the parable, when he took his debtor by the throat and demanded payment of all that he was supposed to owe, would have disappointed an American partner in his claim by his extreme moderation. The writer is partially reassured by the proposal of purchasing the claims, which he justly describes as striking and suggestive.

The *Alabama* paragraph is more fully interpreted by the litigious and spiteful complaints against England which occupy a great part of the Message. If the English nation and Government were to sign and forward to Washington a general confession, enclosing a blank cheque for the *Alabama* claims, the complaints, the affronts, and the exactions of the United States would not be perceptibly diminished. The most frivolous of General GRANT'S pretensions affords perhaps the most instructive example of the grievances which he has laboriously collected. Thirty years ago the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces was, after long negotiation, made coincident in the Western part of the continent with the 49th parallel of latitude. It seems that some American engineers have lately reported that in some part of the great North-Western wilderness a post of the Hudson's Bay Company has been established by mistake three-quarters of a mile to the south of the 49th degree. It is not even pretended that any inconvenience has been incurred, or that the English Government would hesitate

to correct the infinitesimal error if it has actually been committed. Yet the President of the UNITED STATES thinks the alleged encroachment worthy of a place in his Message to Congress. It is useless to discuss the question of the fisheries, or of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. In both cases the PRESIDENT is evidently preparing excuses for a war of aggression which he hopes will result in the annexation of Canada to the Union. It seems that Mr. CLAY, as long ago as in the Presidency of Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, "unanswerably demonstrated the natural right of the United States to the navigation of the St. Lawrence"; and as a proof of the existence of this natural right General GRANT quotes the special European treaties which provide for the navigation of the Rhine and the Danube. Of the older treaties by which the Scheldt was closed to the inhabitants of the Austrian Netherlands he naturally says nothing. The necessity of special provisions is, in public as in private law, a proof of the non-existence of a general right. No man grants to another by deed a right of road over a public highway. Of the charges against Canada with respect to the fisheries it is sufficient to say that the PRESIDENT does not even allege an infringement of American rights or a violation of law. His accusations are summed up in the epithet "unfriendly," which he applies equally to the exclusive navigation of the St. Lawrence and to the monopoly of fishing in Canadian waters. The element of unfriendliness was probably first introduced into diplomatic controversy during the *Alabama* discussions. Precisely the same doctrine is impliedly contained in Count BERNSTORFF's phrase of benevolent neutrality. If unfriendly language or feeling were a legitimate ground of complaint, English Ministers at Washington would for the last eighty years never have been at a loss for abundant grounds of remonstrance. It is notorious that the corresponding charge against England or Canada is utterly false. Both the Mother-country and the Dominion would willingly cultivate friendly relations with a Power which systematically rejects their advances. The PRESIDENT believes, as he intimates in another part of his Message, that he or his successors will be able to detach Canada from the Empire; and because forty millions of men are more than a match for four, even though the weaker party would be aided by a distant Power, the wolf complains that the lamb is guilty of unfriendly conduct in disturbing the stream. As the PRESIDENT's admiring commentator in the *New York Times* remarks, "The mildness of the PRESIDENT's reference to the *Alabama* question renders more significant the firmness of his remarks in reference to the fisheries." In one case he only requires abject submission and payment in full; in the other, he hints an indefinite threat of vengeance and spoliation. The English Government has full warning that the tamest acquiescence in unjust demands will not purchase a respite from insult and aggression.

The political connexion between General GRANT and General BUTLER had already been suspected, but the understanding reported to exist between Russia and the United States seemed too monstrous for belief. It now appears that General GRANT really wrote a letter to the Emperor of RUSSIA, containing some offer or plan of naval co-operation against England. The Russian Government circulated the intelligence through the columns of the *Independence Belge*, but finding that the statement was, on account of its improbability, generally disbelieved, the EMPEROR has actually sent the Correspondent of the *Independence* into ostensible exile, on the alleged ground, not that he has invented a fiction, but that he has published a private letter. It is for the Americans to consider whether they approve of the PRESIDENT's usurpation of a prerogative which is not conferred by the Constitution. Probably the hostile purpose against England would secure condonation for even graver irregularities. It would appear that the SECRETARY of STATE was not a party to the PRESIDENT's remarkable communication. According to a probably authentic statement published in the *New York Tribune*, the Russian Minister at Washington three months since suggested to Mr. FISH that, in the prospect of a rupture between Russia and England, the Government of the United States should embarrass England by pressing the *Alabama* claims. The overture, which was made, as it may be remembered, shortly before Prince GORTCHAKOFF's assurances of the value which he attached to the English alliance, was rejected by Mr. FISH; and consequently for some months the Russian Minister showed his dissatisfaction by intermitting his customary visits to the Department of State. Whatever may have been the policy of Mr. FISH, the PRESIDENT has not only adopted, but bettered, Prince GORTCHAKOFF's suggestion. Not content with the advancement of claims in respect of the *Alabama* to which it is, as he well knows, impossible for

England to submit without degradation, the PRESIDENT, under the inspiration of Mr. BUTLER, has created the fishery grievance, the St. Lawrence grievance, and the grievance about the trespass in the far North-West. Russia may justly boast that lawless turbulence is not confined to a military despotism.

The only documents communicated by the PRESIDENT which can afford satisfaction to peaceable Englishmen are those which relate to the small navy and to the large national debt. Although the United States are solvent, wealthy, and prosperous, there is a general wish for reduced taxation, and in ordinary times there is little disposition to squander money on warlike preparations. The charity which puts the best interpretation even on questionable language and conduct will endeavour to hope that the PRESIDENT's unfriendly policy is in some degree explained by the motives of domestic expediency which were so candidly explained in Mr. BUTLER's recent speeches.

#### M. GUIZOT'S APPEAL.

SO eminent a Frenchman as M. GUIZOT has a just claim to be listened to when he asks the Provisional Government to convoke a National Assembly. If the request had come from an unknown petitioner the motive might have been suspected. Power has its attractions, even in a country occupied by an enemy; and there must be many men in France who think that, but for the accident which made M. GAMBETTA Deputy for Paris when the Republic was proclaimed, they might now have been ruling in his stead. Their ambition can only be fulfilled by the creation of an arena in which to contend with the Dictator. At present he holds the supreme power by the title of undisputed possession, and so long as there is no superior authority to which both he and his possible rivals owe a common allegiance that title will be protected from disturbance. Under a Republic the only authority that can claim this common allegiance is a National Assembly, and consequently the creation of such a body is a necessary preliminary to any effective challenge of the pretensions of the Provisional Government, or of its ablest and most energetic member. But M. GUIZOT may fairly plead that he can rise superior to personal or party ambition. His age disposes of the first accusation; his reputation as a statesman ought to dispose of the second. No matter how deeply he may be imbued with Orleanist principles, no matter how settled may be his conviction that constitutional monarchy is in the abstract the best form of government for France, it is inconceivable that he should have any thought of catching a momentary triumph for the party with which he has so long been connected. The interests of the ORLEANIST family are equally inconsistent with such an attempt. The Count of PARIS has never played the part of a dynastic pretender. Neither he nor his kinsmen have questioned the right of the French people to determine under what institutions they will live, even when that right has been so terribly misused as it was by the nation which condoned the *coup d'état*, and made the Second Empire a possibility. Nor is it likely that a family which has given so much evidence of political insight can fail to see that the only chance of a successful Orleanist restoration lies in its being effected by the deliberate resolution of a country which has proved Republican institutions and found them unsuited to its needs. When the old Minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE asks that a free Parliament shall once more meet in France, we may be sure that it is with no thought of taking any unfair or premature advantage of the political resurrection.

It follows, therefore, that M. GUIZOT's appeal ought to have all the weight with the Provisional Government which attaches to entire disinterestedness. Nor is there any reason to doubt that their refusal, if refusal it be, will not be prompted by personal ambition. M. FAVRE, and still more M. GAMBETTA, have, as M. GUIZOT justly observes, won their fame, and with it their power, in Parliamentary contests. A soldier or an administrator may dislike having to give account of his actions to a National Assembly, because he may be conscious of his own lack of power to hold his own in such an arena. But an orator is deprived of his natural instrument of bending men to his will when he has no opportunity of making his eloquence heard. To suppose that M. GAMBETTA is diffident of his power of guiding a National Assembly is like supposing that Mr. GLADSTONE dislikes a debate in the House of Commons, or that Mr. BRIGHT shrinks from a public meeting. But though M. GUIZOT acquits the leading members of the Provisional Government of any personal jealousy of a National Assembly, his verdict is not equally decided when he discusses the political

considerations which may lead them to put off calling one to a more distant season. They are not afraid, he thinks, of having to yield their place in the Republic to untried Republicans; but they are afraid that a National Assembly may prove hostile to the Republic itself. They suspect that, if the vote of France were freely taken, it might be in favour of some modification of monarchical government. They know that large classes of the community have no love for or confidence in a Republic. They believe that the peasants dislike it because they imagine it to be hostile to private property in land, and that the bourgeoisie dislike it as the fruitful parent of social and political disorder. They cannot accurately gauge the relative strength of these sections as compared with that of the classes whose fidelity to Republicanism they can trust, and for this reason they put off the resort to a decisive test in the hope that it may hereafter be applied under better ascertained, if not more favourable, conditions.

M. GUIZOT wisely abstains from challenging the consistency of this policy. It is a tempting charge to bring against Republicans that they shrink from any unmistakable utterance of the popular voice, and insist equally with NAPOLEON III. himself that France shall only be allowed to govern herself when all proper precautions have been taken to ensure that the right shall be exercised after a prescribed fashion. But an argument resting on this basis would have no weight with thoroughgoing Republicans. To do them justice, the crime for which they denounced the Empire was not its absolutism, but the fact that its absolutism was directed to wrong ends. They are as much the partisans of government by Divine Right as the members of the Holy Alliance—only the test by which the legitimacy of this or that Government is determined is its conformity or nonconformity with that ideal Republicanism which it is their special mission to propagate. M. GUIZOT contents himself with arguing that as the Republic is in possession of the field, and has no actual rival to dread, there is no danger of a National Assembly attempting a counter-revolution, at all events until such time as the present order of military and political considerations has once more been reversed. A National Assembly, he thinks, will resemble the Provisional Government at least in this, that its first care will be either the conduct of the war or the conclusion of peace. To whichever of these alternatives the French people incline, they have, he contends, a right to be consulted before the choice between them is made. Even if their determination is known with sufficient certainty, and known to be on the side of war, "it is especially in the case of a war *à outrance* that the self-government of the country, and consequently the presence and sustained action of a National Assembly, are indispensable conditions of success."

Upon both these points, and especially upon the latter, M. GUIZOT's conclusion is open to question. Politicians who are animated by a strong and unhesitating conviction that the honour and happiness of their country are indissolubly bound up with the pursuit of a given policy have rarely been found willing to allow their plans to be interfered with by any suspected defect in the courage and resolution of the numerical majority of the nation. Some of the happiest revolutions have been carried out by a mere section of the people, and to lay it down as a rule admitting of no exceptions that a war to prevent territorial dismemberment should never be waged unless a previous counting of heads has been in its favour, would be to convert what may be only a passing national degeneracy into an irretrievable national disgrace. In the case of France, however, there is little or no reason to suppose that the unwillingness of the Government to convoke a National Assembly rests on any doubt as to the voice of that Assembly being given in favour of continuing the war. It is more probable that it is owing to a not unreasonable fear lest, if the minds of Frenchmen are turned ever so little to any other business than that of fighting or getting ready to fight, the military strength of the country will suffer by the diversion. The election of a deputy to the first National Assembly of the Third French Republic cannot but be attended with some political excitement; and in the present position of affairs it is doubtful, to say the least, whether France can afford to spare even a thought for any other object than the national defence. And if the National Assembly were actually in session, what, after all, could it do better than delegate its powers to M. GAMBETTA in the provinces, and General TROCHU in Paris? Councils of War, it has been said, never fight, and an Assembly of 700 or 800 Frenchmen would be only so many amateur critics of the operations in the field. We question whether the "presence and sustained action" of such a body are indispensable, or even promising, conditions of military success.

#### GERMAN ILL-WILL AGAINST ENGLAND.

THE amiable intention of invading England, attributed by an intelligent newspaper Correspondent to the German officers and soldiers, is perhaps only one of the brutalizing results of war. A man who has for some time necessarily disregarded his own life and the lives of others seems to become liable to a condition of general ferocity in which he scarcely distinguishes harmless strangers from enemies, or just causes of offence from the most indifferent and legitimate actions. The Germans, who entered on the war on the most righteous grounds, have lately cultivated a feeling of moral indignation against the French, not for wanting to take the Rhine, but for resisting invasion on the Seine and on the Loire. Any animosity which they have to spare finds vent in unprovoked vituperation of England, and, as it seems, in blustering menaces which, independently of their utter injustice, are unworthy of soldiers fresh from the achievement of unprecedented exploits. There is happily no reason to fear an invasion of England by a Power which, even if it had a legitimate cause of quarrel, cannot even now venture to send a cruiser to sea. It is unfortunately true that the army which has overrun half France might easily crush any military force now existing in England; but even German energy would fail to maintain a line of maritime communication while an enemy commanded the sea. It was not without reason that thoughtful Englishmen watched with complacency the rise of Germany to the first rank on the Continent. There was no reason to anticipate the ill-will which has arisen against England; but even if German hostility could have been foreseen, it involved no great or immediate danger. Notwithstanding a nominal state of war with Austria in the days of FREDERICK the GREAT, and with Prussia in the interval between Austerlitz and Jena, England has never engaged in serious hostilities with any German State. There can be no better proof that there is neither a collision of interests nor a facility for warlike operations which is likely to give the bellicose Prussians an opportunity of exacting requisitions in Manchester and Liverpool; yet it is a cause for deep regret that the most powerful and enlightened nation of Continental Europe should, either through ignorance or by intention, cultivate an unfriendly feeling to England.

The German people and army, in the irritable state produced by extraordinary exertion and suffering, readily adopt any charge which may be urged against a neighbour who contumeliously continues to enjoy prosperity and peace. If the Government had suggested to the nation that Russia, Austria, or Italy had given cause of complaint, the official denunciation would have been universally echoed in speech and in writing. The reasons which induced Count BISMARCK to select England as the object of popular enmity have not been disclosed; but it may be assumed that he is influenced by some political motive rather than by error or passion. In a late communication he is said to have thanked the Belgian Government for its scrupulous neutrality as contrasted with the alleged bad faith of England. Count BERNSTORFF's reclamations, though they were conclusively answered, have never been withdrawn. The deliberate avoidance of all complaint against the conduct of the United States proves that the alleged grounds of dissatisfaction with England are not the true causes of German hostility. The English Government, if it had possessed surplus arms, would certainly not have placed its arsenals at the disposal of either belligerent. The PRESIDENT, on the contrary, publishes in the Report of the Ordnance Department, the statement that 350,000 rifles belonging to the Government have recently been sold; nor was it necessary to name the customer. Private American traders have not been less active than the Government in supplying the wants of France. Thousands upon thousands of cases of muskets and cartridges have been shipped to "Coves, and a market," which is well known to be a conventional designation of Havre. When the vessels laden with arms leave the American ports they are constantly saluted with cheers by crowds which openly sympathize with the cause of France; yet the authorities at Versailles are on the most friendly terms with the United States, and the North-German Consul at New York has been expressly ordered to discontinue his remonstrances against the shipment of arms. In addition to nearly 400,000 muskets and vast quantities of ammunition, 55 cannon and 5 Gatling batteries or mitrailleurs had been despatched from American ports to France before the middle of November. It is not likely that M. GAMBETTA has since allowed the trade to slacken while his raw levies are assembling from all parts of France not yet occupied by the enemy.

The deliberate and artificial resentment of Germany throws

some light on the more plausible complaints of the people of the United States. Americans, and Englishmen devoted to America, are in the habit of asserting that the national hatred felt against England was to a great extent caused by the preference which was exhibited in many quarters for the Confederate cause. The explanation is plausible, though insufficient; but now it is found that the most cordial recognition of the justice of the German cause, and the universal wish for its success, has no effect whatever in conciliating Germany. Grumblers even contend that neutrality in a rightful cause is necessarily a wrong. It is asserted that the war might have been prevented if England had declared her intention of taking part against the aggressor; and though it is impossible to prove a conjectural and improbable statement, the supposed inconsistency of English opinion with the policy of the Government has been represented as a grievance, not only in popular declamation, but in official documents. Count BERNSTORFF's theory of benevolent neutrality, whatever may have been its intrinsic value, necessarily admitted the benevolence with which the Americans allege that they would in their own case have been contented. Twenty years ago Mr. CORDEN would have explained the unmerited odium incurred by England as a neutral during two successive wars by his whimsical doctrine that no other country was so warlike, so aggressive, and so prone to interference; but though Mr. CORDEN, as one of his eulogists lately boasted, was incapable of retracting an opinion, even his disciples must allow that readiness to engage in foreign quarrels is not in the present day the characteristic vice of England. No other country abstains so systematically, not merely from molesting its neighbours, but from wishing to gain advantage at their expense; yet the French consider Englishmen as little better than Prussian spies; the Germans threaten vengeance for an interpretation of neutrality which they have uniformly adopted themselves, and which they accept as sound in the case of America. In the same manner the Federal Americans abused England for favouring the South, while the Confederates never forgave the disproof of their confident assertion that Cotton was King.

The hatred of America to England, which existed in full force before the *Alabama* was launched, and before the Proclamation of Neutrality was issued, is largely to be attributed to tradition and to historical ignorance arising from a perverse education; but the Germans, who have no hereditary antipathy to England, are now as unjust and as exacting as if they had read the school-histories of New England. There can be little doubt that the unfriendly feeling in one case, and the habitual expression of hostility in both, arises from the belief that the power of England is no longer formidable. The antipathy with which many generations of Frenchmen will regard Germany will be the consequence of injuries suffered, and it will be more bitter in proportion to the dread which may be inspired by the organization and resources of the enemy; but where no provocation has been offered, real or supposed weakness generally supplies the explanation of insolence. The English army is in proportion to its strength five or six times as costly as the Prussian; and yet, although the total outlay is perhaps greater in England, the comparative strength of the army is already insignificant. The Germans have no objection to the export of arms from the United States to France, because America is far away, and, with all that belongs to it, wholly out of reach of German resentment. England is near, and, as her enemies believe, vulnerable, and in the present temper of the Government, and perhaps of the nation, thoroughly unwarlike. It is not only in his exemption from actual attack, but in the security which he enjoys against ill-natured language on the part of his neighbours, that a strong man armed may be said to enjoy the enviable privilege of keeping his house in peace. For his own comfort he had much better be quarrelsome than have the reputation of being afraid of a quarrel. The dullest German private would not believe or affect to believe that all American rifles were made in England if he were convinced that an honest neutral might, for sufficient cause, become a formidable enemy. A State will have no friends as long as a doubt exists whether its friendship is worth having.

#### MR. CHILDERS AND THE CAPTAIN.

WITH the exception of one piece of argument on which we shall have a word to say further on, Mr. CHILDERS's Minute on the loss of the unfortunate *Captain* is a thoroughly fair and straightforward statement of the whole case. It tells us little that is absolutely new, though much that

will never cease to be surprising, but it sums up the melancholy history with a clearness which will enable any one who pleases to master the complicated details of the subject, and arrive at a sound conclusion. The remarkable fact which comes out with great distinctness is, that almost up to the last moment friends and enemies of the *Captain* concurred in the belief that, whatever her faults might be, she ran no appreciable risk of capsizing under the pressure of her sails. The story may be told very shortly. The Admiralty had long resisted the introduction of turrets into the cruising ships of the British Navy, and when at length, on the report of an important Committee, it was resolved to build a turret-cruiser, a radical difference of opinion showed itself at once between the advisers of the Board and the inventor of the turret system. Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, who on this point was in full accord with his Chief Constructor, Mr. REED, recommended a freeboard of 16 feet, which the Admiralty reduced by two feet, while Captain COLES insisted that a very much lower freeboard was essential to give fair play to his experiment. Hence it happened that the *Monarch* was designed with 14 feet freeboard, while shortly afterwards (24th April, 1866) Captain COLES was informed that he might prepare a design according to his own ideas, and that the Admiralty, "if they should be able to approve the design," would authorise the construction of the ship by builders to be selected by Captain COLES.

At this period, though multitudes of other objections had been taken by Mr. REED and others to Captain COLES's views, it never seems to have occurred to any one that a low-freeboard ship would be likely to founder. Every one knew of course that such a vessel would have less stability at high inclinations than a lofty ship; but the margin of stability in an ordinary ship was so large that no one imagined, or at any rate no one said, that the point of danger would be approached even though the freeboard were very largely reduced; and, accordingly, we do not find this risk specified among the reasons urged for giving the *Monarch* her very lofty sides.

This being the state of knowledge, or of ignorance, or of faith, both within and beyond the Royal Dockyards, Captain COLES and Messrs. LAIRD sent in, for the approval of the Admiralty, their design for the *Captain*, with a freeboard of eight feet. At this stage, the idea of shifting the responsibility for the ship wholly upon the shoulders of the designers had not been broached, and the Board, in order to satisfy themselves whether the design ought to be approved, submitted the drawings to Mr. REED for his report. He reported accordingly, on the 20th of July, 1866, that "as regards stability" he had no doubt that the design was satisfactory, and, after discussing various details, concluded that it was in the main "a well-considered and well-contrived design." . . . if we take for granted that the deck is high enough and the use of the tripod masts satisfactory." This report was indorsed by Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, and leaves no doubt upon the views then entertained by the Admiralty officials. Both the Controller and the Chief Constructor evidently objected, for some reasons, to the proposed freeboard of eight feet, but the risk of the *Captain* capsizing was not among those reasons. It had not occurred to them then that there were any such grounds for this apprehension as would justify them in warning the Board against the approval of the ship, although at that time it was contemplated that the approval to be given would involve the express responsibility of the Board and its advisers. Upon this report the Board passed a Minute (23rd July, 1866), in which, for the first time, the attempt to cast off responsibility was made. "My Lords" approved of the ship being built "on the entire responsibility" of Captain COLES and Messrs. LAIRD, and the ship was thereupon commenced. The first hint of any kind of danger was given by Mr. REED in a supplementary report (2nd August, 1866), in which, after referring to the confidence he had expressed as to the ship's stability, he adds a caution to Messrs. LAIRD to satisfy themselves that the centre of gravity would not be unexpectedly high. Even then it is clear that Mr. REED had not conceived the idea that the proposed freeboard was incompatible with safety, and only apprehended danger in the event of a miscalculation of the position of the centre of gravity. The warning was conveyed to the builders and attended to, and in the result the centre of gravity, when ascertained by experiment, was almost exactly where it had been intended to be. The same confidence in ships of this class (so far as the danger of foundering went) was manifested as strongly as ever in 1867. In May of that year a batch of competitive designs for sea-going turret-ships was sent in. One of these was a ship of 7½ feet free-

board, designed by Messrs. LAIRD, while the Admiralty themselves prepared drawings of a vessel with a freeboard varying from 8 to 10½ feet. Both Sir SPENCER ROBINSON and Mr. REED spoke very favourably of Messrs. LAIRD's design, though naturally preferring their own, and concluded some rather minute criticisms without hinting at any risk of foundering at sea.

A little later, attention was pointedly called to dangers of this description. Mr. HENWOOD had proposed to cut down a number of wooden ships and convert them into sailing Monitors with extremely low sides. The plan for one of these, the *Duncan*, in which the freeboard was to be 3 feet 6 inches, was carefully examined by Mr. BARNABY, under the direction of Mr. REED, and he ascertained that she would be liable to upset for want of stability, and exhibited the results of his calculation in the shape of a curve (then used, we believe, for the first time), which has since been termed the "curve of stability." The figures would have answered the same purpose, but this graphic method was a very striking way of presenting the results to the eye. This (9th September, 1867) was the first occasion on which the possibility of war ships capsizing for want of stability was ever seriously considered. Still no one dreamed of trying the *Captain*, or indeed any other ship besides the projected *Duncan*, by this simple test. It appears that Mr. BARNABY, with a foresight which no one else possessed or appreciated, suggested that similar curves should be worked out for all ships of the turret class, and if this good advice had been heeded the *Captain* would probably have been afloat at this moment. But no one seems to have thought the risk more than a theoretical one with reference to any ships actually built or building, and the old practice of sending ships to sea without any previous calculation of their stability at high inclinations still continued. Even when the *Captain* was launched, and found to draw two feet more water than she should have done, very little anxiety seems to have been felt on this point. A suggestion was made by Messrs. LAIRD that the position of the centre of gravity should be exactly ascertained; but the experiment was postponed from February to July, and the ship three times sent to sea in the interval. Practically very little turned on this delay, because the experiment substantially confirmed the builders' calculation; but in this, as in everything that was done or omitted, we find fresh evidence of the blind confidence with which the notion of the ship being blown over was banished from the minds of all concerned. Whether the additional weight that brought the *Captain's* freeboard down to 6½ feet would increase or diminish her risk, would depend entirely on the portions of the hull where the extra load was placed; but it was admitted by Messrs. LAIRD on the Court-martial, that there would probably be some, though it might not be a very large, loss of stability. Still no one was really alarmed. Mr. REED indeed pointed out at once (31st March, 1869), that if the large extra amount of coal which had once been talked of were put on board, the freeboard would be reduced to 5 feet 3½ inches, "not very much more than the *Scorpion's* and *Wyvern's*, and therefore utterly unsafe and out of the question in so large a ship without a breast-work." But this was only in a hypothetical case, which it was known would not occur, and the danger indicated was evidently the sweeping of the deck by heavy seas, not the capsizing of the ship. That no real apprehension was entertained is apparent from the fact that about a year later (14th March, 1870) Mr. REED, in a detailed report, dwelt upon the loss of fighting power which the extra immersion would cause, without hinting at any fear of the ship going down, and recommended, not that the ship should be detained for closer investigation, but that the last instalment of purchase-money should be kept back till after her trials. And so the ship was sent out, and returned, apparently triumphant, from three successive trials, without a hint from any one of the risk that was being run beyond a note by a lieutenant, which no admiral or controller thought it necessary to back up, that she was not a ship to be pressed under sail. Mr. REED left the Admiralty in July without having uttered a word of warning as to the *Captain* to his superiors beyond what we have referred to. Soon afterwards the *Captain's* curve of stability was calculated, and the result, though it showed a bare possibility of the catastrophe which actually occurred, was not very alarming, and did not even seem to justify any special anxiety until it was more closely analysed than had been practicable at first. This was on the 4th of September, and two days later the *Captain* was lost.

The moral which Mr. CHILDERS draws from this narrative is in one point open to serious observation. He admits the

full responsibility of the Admiralty (which involves that of its officers) for sending the *Captain* to sea, but he seems to think that by putting on a piece of paper the words "to be built on the entire responsibility of Captain COLES and Messrs. LAIRD," the Admiralty relieved themselves from all responsibility for the construction of the ship. The absurdity of this contention is apparent the instant it is tested by an extreme hypothesis. Suppose Mr. CHILDERS, or Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, or Mr. REED had actually known that the *Captain*, if built and sent to sea, would inevitably founder, would not each one of them have been responsible for permitting such a catastrophe when it was in his power to prevent it? No form of words can relieve any man from moral responsibility of that kind, and technical responsibility is not worth discussing. The only excuse that can be urged is the fact that, partly from a slovenly habit, both in public and private yards, of neglecting scientific calculations of stability, and partly from other causes, it had never struck either Captain COLES, or Messrs. LAIRD, or Mr. CHILDERS, or Sir SPENCER ROBINSON, or Mr. REED that any substantial risk was being run. If they had been more alive to all the possibilities, they would, no doubt, have detected the risk, and saved the ship; but it is easy to be alert after the warning has been given, and the seeming negligence becomes less unintelligible now that we know that similar negligence has been the rule in the construction of every ship that has ever been sent to sea. It is easy to understand that Mr. CHILDERS, trusting to his assistants for scientific advice, should never have had the danger which threatened the *Captain* impressed upon his mind. Captain COLES never was scientific; and even the contractors, the Controller, and the Chief Constructor, may find an excuse, though not an absolute justification, for their strange oversight, in the blind confidence which the immemorial carelessness of public and private shipbuilders had engendered. But clearly there would be no excuse whatever for any of them if they had really felt a substantial apprehension of the loss of the ship. Mr. REED has, ever since the calamity, striven with infatuated pertinacity to convict himself of having foreseen the *Captain's* fate, and deliberately withheld any effective word of caution. We will not do him the injustice of believing his own witness against himself. The evidence proves conclusively that neither Mr. REED nor any one else made the slightest approach to an adequate appreciation of the danger, and it is well for them that it does so.

There is nothing more to be said of what is past. For the future the Admiralty are taking every proper precaution. A very strong Committee, including among its scientific members Sir W. THOMSON, Mr. FROUDE, and Dr. WOOLLEY, has been formed to report on the designs of modern ships, and we may hope to hear of no more calamities from want of science or want of care.

#### EARL RUSSELL ON OUR DEFENCES.

INDICATIONS are multiplying of a feeling which will compel the Government to deal in a large spirit with the whole subject of our National Defences. Earl RUSSELL's spirited letter has appeared opportunely as an antidote to the rather narrow views which Lord DERBY has declared. It contains no novel suggestions, and we are very glad that it does not. What is obviously wanted for the immediate emergency is not any new-fangled device for reconstruction on the principle of calling old things by new names, but simply a provision which will operate on the shortest notice to supply us with a real army capable of foreign service, and a reliable reserve at home. It needs no genius to discover what we ought to do. If we are to construct additional defences with anything like the rapidity which may be called for, we can only build on the old foundations. We have an army, a Militia, and a Volunteer force, and the only question is how to utilize them to the best advantage. "Raise by ballot 100,000 Militiamen and embody them at once" is the simple but effective proposal which Lord RUSSELL makes. He qualifies it, it is true, by recommending the ballot, "if necessary"; but every one knows that, now that bounties are abolished, the ballot would be necessary to raise anything like the force proposed. And we accept the necessity with the full conviction that the Militia ballot will supply the defects and strengthen the weakness of every part of our military organization. It is essential for the sake of the army, for experience has shown that the army and Militia sergeants are competitors in the same market, and that, while the Militia is actively recruiting, it is impossible to fill up the regiments of the Line. With the ballot the

Militia would not only not check, but would in fact add to, the supply of recruits. The old reluctance of Militia officers to encourage volunteering for the Line would in great part disappear when the ballot could be used to fill the vacancies; and thus the Militia, though not for all purposes an organized reserve, would furnish the means of keeping the ranks of the army full, while relieving it from the burden of home duties, and setting it free for action whenever and wherever it might be required. The reaction of the ballot, on the other side, in the direction of the Volunteers, would be equally beneficial. What the Volunteers need is a little pressure to increase the proportion of efficient, and to make those who are so called efficient in the strictest sense of the word. For this end it may be that some additional inducement to join and remain in the Volunteer ranks will be required, and, if so, exemption from the Militia ballot will supply the one thing needful.

The mischief most to be dreaded when Parliament meets is the production of one more of the series of Acts for the creation of nominal Reserves which have been ushered in with abundant promises, and have figured on the Statute Book for some years past, without adding one iota to our available strength. Very likely Mr. CARDWELL will have a crocheted of the kind. Most War Ministers are, as a rule, attacked with the complaint in the spring. If Mr. CARDWELL escapes, there will be abundance of ingenious projects devised by independent members for calling forth soldiers and manufacturing Reserves, ready to occupy the time of the House on the slightest encouragement, and without the slightest hope of any effective results. We trust that those who are really in earnest about strengthening our defences will concentrate their force on the plain and efficacious remedy proposed by Lord RUSSELL.

Resistance, of course, must be looked for from the school which Lord DERBY represents and sometimes almost caricatures. Lord DERBY has always been given to worship maxims, but we do not remember any instance in which this tendency has led him to so strange a conclusion as that at which he has arrived on the subject of military defences. No one, of course, will dispute the obvious economical rule that the cheapest and best way to get any kind of work done is to employ and pay persons who will devote themselves to that work alone. But the inference that it is a retrograde step to replace the professional soldier to any extent by what has been called an armed nation, involves a fallacy so transparent that it is astonishing that any statesman should for a moment be deceived by it. The maxim applies only to work which is in its nature continuous, and not to an intermittent demand. Probably men professionally trained to sweeping up snow would do it better and cheaper than casual labourers, but no one would dream of organizing a professional army of snow sweepers, to be used perhaps two or three days in a year. There is the same kind of difficulty in maintaining perpetually a professional army on the scale that may be required perhaps one year in twenty. What is wanted is a large supply of men in the one year of war, whose time shall not have to be paid for during the other nineteen. And if you don't pay for them, they must be otherwise engaged. In other words, they must be civilians who have learned military duties, and not professional soldiers. Except with the conscription in its severest form, it is absolutely impossible for this or any other country to bear the expense of a permanent force organized on the scale which would be necessary in time of war. Lord DERBY wholly loses sight, not only of this, the essential basis of the whole question, but also of another circumstance which is scarcely less important. He admits, as every sensible man must admit, the possibility of invasion, but he chooses to limit the strength of an invading enemy to 100,000 men. Why? If the Channel were sufficiently held by an enemy to allow 100,000 men to cross and occupy a port, it would be just as easy to reinforce them up to half a million as if the intermediate space were traversed by a railway in place of a line of steam-ships. Our navy greatly diminishes the probability of an attack, but it does not lessen the force we shall want to meet the attack when it does come. Untenable as it is as a maxim of administration Lord DERBY's policy of keeping a comparatively small army of exclusively professional soldiers is even more objectionable from another point of view. It is only because Britain is an island that the project can be defended for a moment, and to adopt it would be equivalent to cutting every tie which connects us with the rest of the world. The British Empire is not exactly an island, and while we are associated with colonies and dependencies, and entangled politically and commercially with almost every nation on the face of the earth, it is surely alike shortsighted and unworthy to take insular selfishness as the only measure of the duties we will recognise or the strength we may require.

## THE WAR OF 1870.

XXIII.

UNDER the title of "A Brief Report of the Operations of the Army of the Rhine from the 13th August to the 29th of October, 1870," Marshal BAZAINE has published from his retreat the justification of his conduct demanded by European opinion. That conduct has naturally been reviewed by us in our previous numbers separately, as regards its two chief phases—the failure to extricate the army from the trap in which it was suddenly caught on the Moselle, and the defence of its positions round Metz. It will be convenient here still to keep these apart; and we may take the opportunity of stating at once that the minor subdivisions of the period of investment made by commentators on BAZAINE's conduct, do not appear of themselves to affect the questions really at issue, which are these—Ought BAZAINE to have allowed himself to be shut in? and, when shut in, was he compelled to surrender, as he actually did? If both of these could be distinctly answered in the negative, the responsibility usually laid on him would be fairly removed.

Touching then to-day, upon the former, it has to be noted that the Marshal begins by practically disclaiming any share in all that went on up to the 13th of August, the day on which he officially took the command. The decree appointing him, and at the same time abolishing the functions of LEBREUF as Major-General to the EMPEROR, was only dated, it seems, on the 12th; and by his utter silence as to all previous transactions, BAZAINE would clearly give us to understand that he had nothing to do with the command until the official transfer was made. This may possibly be so, of course. On the other hand, we have on record the semi-official telegrams from Metz of the 9th, stating distinctly that "Marshal BAZAINE is charged with the direction of the operations," closely followed by "official" telegrams of the same date not signed, but accepted as coming from the EMPEROR himself, and calling the whole force round Metz "the Army of Marshal BAZAINE." In commenting a few weeks since\* on the EMPEROR's pamphlet, we took occasion to point particularly to the obscurity in which this episode had been left by the Wilhelmshöhe writer. The secret history of the unhappy delay of those fatal six days is not yet known, and NAPOLEON cannot be wholly absolved from his share. But neither will the Marshal be exempt if, as the telegrams imply, he was already named to the whole army and the world as the Commander-in-Chief. The crisis was just such as to require that rare quality of moral courage which would have insisted on, and received, full and immediate power corresponding to any responsibility to be imposed on him. This courage was not shown; and hence we have the strange result of an Emperor and Commander both suffering in reputation for the loss of precious time, and neither able to acquit himself of his share.

From the 13th, then, BAZAINE first admits his unfettered leadership, as indeed it officially was then his beyond question; and on the second page (the sixth of his pamphlet) we find the fatal admission that the paucity of the bridges kept his last two corps, DECAEN's and LADMIRAULT's, from concentrating on the left bank before marching off, until the 16th came, and with it the battle of Mars-la-Tour. It is noteworthy that the latter of these corps is stated to have "almost completed its passage over the stream" on the morning of the 14th, and to have been brought back voluntarily in order to support the other, the Third, against the assault which STEINMETZ's troops suddenly made. The object of the Germans is distinctly said to have been, and no doubt it was, to delay the passage of the French, who, however, had on that side only to withdraw within the works, instead of accepting STEINMETZ's challenge, in order to be perfectly safe. In place of doing this, the French staff played directly into their enemy's hands, by bringing LADMIRAULT across to join in the fight; and for this, as there is no excuse whatever offered, we may presume there is no other than that they did not then discern what BAZAINE sees very clearly now. So the rest of the 14th was thrown away in a useless combat, and the 15th and morning of the 16th were consumed in attempting to repair the mistake by recrossing the Fourth Corps to the west bank, and after it bringing over the Third. Meanwhile, though the safety of the whole army was already known to be imperilled by its slowness, "the bridges were insufficient in number"—simply because the Marshal and his engineers had neglected to prepare additional means for the emergency coming on them. Then follows the next episode of this history of disasters. BAZAINE, having fought the indecisive action of Mars-la-Tour, and, as he says

\* See Saturday Review, November 19, 1870.

fairly enough, "kept the enemy in check for the moment," found himself ill-provisioned as to rations, and particularly short of cartridges for his artillery and infantry. It is true that the Intendance had put 4,000,000 of the latter—five-sixths of the whole reserve—where the responsible officer was unaware of their existence, as his memorandum to BAZAINE, quoted by the Marshal in his report of the 17th on the battle, clearly proves. But the Marshal is not to be blamed for the fatal error of centralization which we have of late been imitating from the great bankrupt Department that helped to destroy the army it was designed to serve. We must take his view, therefore, as the circumstances reported at the time guided it. But even allowing that these appeared alarming, his putting his advancing army suddenly on the defensive by the retreat which he determined on, led to such fatal results that it seems to stand self-condemned. It was done, as he informs us, to get rid of the wounded, to obtain supplies for a march, and to avoid further immediate action which should impede the hoped-for retreat. It ended in the army being shut in with its wounded, the march being wholly stopped, and the battle of Gravelotte being fought and lost on the very day following the retrograde movement. The Marshal pleads also want of water in his late position; but the well-known surprise and reluctance of his army at the order to fall back sufficiently refute him here. He takes especial pains at this point to contradict flatly those who say—and we confess ourselves of the number—that he should have continued the action at once, instead of falling back on the St. Privat position. But the two causes stated as making this impracticable are perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of an unsatisfactory defence. They are that the Prussians "had sent forces to occupy the position of Fresnes, before Verdun," and that the French had not only been hotly engaged, but were obliged to wait for the fractions of their army left behind, "especially the grand reserve park which was at Toul"! The Prussians had, in truth, had quite enough to do to hold their own on the day of Mars-la-Tour without making detachments to their rear to take up fresh positions; and as their whole army was now pressing on across the line between BAZAINE'S forces and Toul, and had on the 17th its back to the latter place, with one corps echeloned towards it, he might just as well have waited for the runaways of MACMAHON who had got shut into Strasburg as for the reserve park he speaks of. Had he tried the advance, he adds, "the army" might have experienced a severe check, affecting disastrously "its further operations." Possibly it might, but the check could certainly not have been more serious than the defeat of Gravelotte, nor the consequences more disastrous than being shut into the position round Metz, where we must leave the Marshal and his defence for to-day, since it would take us beyond our limits were we to examine his pamphlet further.

The events recorded during the past week are not of such striking importance as to require very detailed notice. CHANZY'S army, containing at least half of D'AURELLE'S late command, has again been the chief subject of interest. We left this General engaged with the Duke of MECKLENBURG on the north bank of the Loire, with his rear about to be threatened by the advance of the Ninth Prussian Corps along the southern side of that river to the passage below him at Blois. Either to avoid the chance of being intercepted on the road to Tours, or because he judged the reinforcements gathering for him at Le Mans the more important object to cover, CHANZY suddenly retired northward from the ground he had so obstinately defended, moving by his left to the Loir—an affluent here flowing nearly parallel with the Loire—and crossed it at the passages about Vendôme. Owing possibly to the wet and muddy weather, the German pursuit has been slow as compared with their former operations. They appear, indeed, to have been baffled at first as to the direction taken by their enemy, and though they caught up the tail of his columns on the 14th, and again on the 16th, when there was a sharp rearguard action as he drew away westward from the Loir at Vendôme, their advantages have not been greater than those which a pursuing force naturally expects. Of the other wing of D'AURELLE'S command, now known as the First Army, we learn nothing more than that BOURELAKI is reported to have rallied it at Bourges, and is watched by ALVENSLEBEN'S Third Prussian Corps and some cavalry, all the troops that Prince FREDERIC CHARLES can spare for that side of his double campaign. His Tenth Corps is now reported close to Tours, moving on the line which CHANZY'S retreat northward has left uncovered.

From Paris we had no reports until yesterday of any definite operations, and the often talked-of attack upon the forts has been again deferred—partly, if we may judge by the German journals, from doubts as to the equality of the siege guns with those

to be overcome in the forts and the works which have been added to these by TROCHU'S industry. The communications of the KING'S forces are not however disturbed, as was anticipated; for FAIDHERBE appears to have decided not to attempt to molest them, and turned westward instead to threaten Amiens, on which German reinforcements are marching in such strength as the raw troops now being hurried up to him from Lille can hardly face with any hope of success. It would seem, from the new sorties on the north side of Paris which are reported to have begun on Wednesday, as though TROCHU had heard vaguely of the movements of the Army of the North, and, rating them higher than we do here, was endeavouring at the least to prevent detachments being made against FAIDHERBE from the investing force. His efforts of that day appear at present to have met with no success.

In the East there has been renewed activity in the war of partisans which has been carried on there for some weeks past; for the French had apparently descended towards Dijon on both sides, with the design of shutting WERDER in. But a force from Langres, which took up a position across the railroad some twenty-five miles north of the city, was driven back on the 16th by VON GOLTZ, with a Prussian brigade, on the fortress where it had collected, towards which he has followed it up; and a large body under a General KRAMER (GARIBALDI'S presence is not mentioned), which approached on the south side much closer, was forced out of Nuits two days later, after a sharp action, by two of WERDER'S Baden brigades, not without severe loss in the capture of the place, with which 600 prisoners were taken. Meanwhile the siege of Belfort is pressed steadily on by the Reserves under General TRESCROW, and its expected fall should both strengthen WERDER directly, and assist in opening for him the direct communication with the Rhine which he seems much to need.

#### CHRISTMAS, 1870.

CHRISTMAS has come as usual; and with Christmas has come a certain amount of that traditional joviality so dear to the writers in illustrated periodicals. The old Silenus appears in their pages in his usual state of rollicking hilarity, riding on a plum-pudding by way of chariot, with all the paraphernalia of wassail-bowls and mistletoe and fat turkeys and holly sprigs. He "shows his honest face," flushed with the old conventional "purple grace," and we are trying to sound the trumpets and beat the drums according to the precedents in that case made and provided. We have sometimes ventured to express doubts whether all this joviality of malice prepense is not on the whole a very ghastly and depressing mummery. Children may be happy to order, and burst into exuberant spirits in compliance with an established formula, because they have always exuberant spirits at command. The elders, if not wiser, are at least sadder; they find it rather difficult to force their joviality to flow in the channels so elaborately provided beforehand; and are apt to feel like the proverbial clown, dancing and grimacing, and going through the conventional distortions, with a melancholy rendered only more profound by its contrast with his external manifestations. Whatever may be the general value of such reflections, nobody can well avoid them at this present Christmas. We may affect conviviality, if we please, for the sake of children who are young enough to be deceived; but even the least sensitive person must feel that a corresponding sentiment would imply a very questionable spirit of levity. Anybody whose sympathies are not bounded within a very narrow circle must be conscious of a deep sadness underlying the external hilarity. It is a disputed question how far our sympathies can be, or ought to be, affected by very distant sufferings. It is neither desirable nor possible that we should be permanently troubled by the miseries of the populations of Pekin or Timbuctoo; but, at the present moment, the misery which we deplore is too great and too near not to be capable of lively realization. We feel almost as if the mere drawing up of a curtain would reveal spectacles from which the imagination shrinks in horror. The slaughter of thousands of men, the starvation of whole districts, are unpleasant even in the columns of newspaper correspondence. When we have, as it were, a mental framework ready to receive them, when the background of the scenes described is already painted in the most vivid colouring upon our imagination, the impression becomes too forcible to be dismissed without a serious effort. In such a case, if we may not say that it is wrong to be cheerful, we may at any rate say that it is wrong to expel the horror which is always lurking in our minds by simple force of plum-pudding and milk-punch.

As Christmas Day fortunately coincides this year with Sunday, we may expect that its forced glee will be in some degree tempered by our habitual Sabbath gloom. The blessings of peace and goodwill will be enlarged upon in the pulpits; and to the preachers we must leave it to draw appropriate lessons from the great event which we commemorate, and to show how the circumstances of the day illustrate the degree in which the world has succeeded, and the reasons why it has not more fully succeeded, in accepting the teaching of the Gospel. We shall not venture to touch upon the many interesting questions suggested, which will no doubt receive ample illustra-

tion from the eloquence of some twenty thousand pious and thoughtful men. Certainly, so far as the value of a religious faith is measured by its power of solving the dark enigmas of the world's history, they could not have a fairer opportunity of showing the living power of their creeds. To us, however, there falls a humbler duty.

We can only look at Christmas from the social, to the exclusion of the religious, point of view; and must endeavour feebly to point the obvious moral resulting from the contrast between Englishmen trying their digestions at home, and French and Germans engaged in a life and death struggle at so small a distance from us. It may, for anything we know, be good to spend some of our leisure hours in grinning through a horse-collar, but certainly it is not altogether undesirable to have an occasional turn at sackcloth and ashes. According to the preacher, there is a time to weep and a time to laugh; and it is not very harsh to say that the present time is at least an appropriate one for looking rather at the sterner aspects of life.

Christmas, according to our popular teachers, is an admirable social institution, both for promoting the family affections and for prompting a certain overflow of genial benevolence beyond our own immediate circle. We do not now inquire whether our special modes of observance are well calculated to promote these excellent purposes. The problem, however, naturally occurs whether the two sentiments are not in a great degree antagonistic. Fathers of families, we know, are capable of everything. They are prepared to regard robbery, murder, and every branch of cheating as amiable weaknesses. A certain ingenious school of philosophers, meditating upon such topics, came to the conclusion that friendship and the domestic affections generally were rather vicious than virtuous. A man who acted on such principles sacrificed the greatest good of humanity to his own private connexions, and his conduct was therefore immoral. The fallacy is, of course, easily exposed. Men, as a whole, will be better off if everybody attends principally to those nearest him; or, in other words, if he loves his neighbour better than a stranger. It is a simple waste of power to bestow good feeling upon people whom we cannot reach. If it were possible by an improvement in telescopes to become spectators of a lunar Paris in a state of bombardment, the best thing we could do would be to shut our eyes rather than be tortured by horrors which we could not relieve. We cannot help feeling infinitely more for our own petty circle than for a whole continent of unknown persons; and there are doubtless many people in Paris at the present moment to whom the event of the siege is interesting only as it affects the health of one or two human beings. But, admitting that the love of wife and child is on the whole a good thing, there is a point at which it becomes objectionable. It is impossible to define the precise point at which one of two conflicting duties becomes most obligatory; but it is at least desirable so to govern our sentiments that there may be the least possible chance of a discord. Family affection may be merely a refined and specious variety of selfishness, or it may harmonize naturally with sentiments of a different order. How does the ordinary Christmas geniality—if that be its proper name—predispose us to look upon the relations between our narrower and our wider circles of emotions?

As we understand the sermon ordinarily delivered by our lay preachers, it is intended to inculcate a kind of complacent optimism. Everything in the world is very good, if we will only look at it in the right spirit, that is, through the steam of the conventional "wassail-bowl;" and if there are some disagreeable things going on here and there, it is very easy to forget them. With a little easy philanthropy we can plaster over all the wounds from which the world is suffering; and meanwhile we can school ourselves to forget every disagreeable symptom. The true philosophy is that which gives a good dinner to a convict on the night before he is hanged, and invites him to be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances. We have been indulging so lavishly in eloquence directed to this purpose, that our Christmas sentiments had overflowed into our ordinary political and social creeds. We had persuaded ourselves that the world was not only a very good sort of place, but was steadily and visibly improving. All Europe was in that frame of mind of which we are conscious after a very comfortable dinner, and nations were just about to throw themselves into each other's arms "with effusion." The lesson which we are now learning is that this theory requires a good many qualifications. We do not mean to throw any doubt upon the belief that mankind is on the whole advancing rather than retrograding; and there is no doubt a tendency to exaggerate the magnitude of events which are so close to us, and to forget that the present calamities, however large a space they may fill in our eyes, are by no means so unexampled as the language of some writers would imply. But we may safely infer from them that we have not yet reached that point at which any great change can be effected without sharp contests and terrible convulsions. The world has not yet learnt to go upon velvet. If it improves—and it would be easy to give reasons for holding that the present war may bring about many desirable results—it is an improvement won at the price of terrible sacrifices and marked by fearful catastrophes. When certain gentlemen inform us, for example, that the working-classes have resolutely made up their minds that they won't stand any more fighting, we cannot forget that this is not the first time that confident promises have been held out that we have reached positively the last performance. The plainest fact that has hitherto appeared is, that if civilization produces some great obstacles to frequent wars, it also puts into the hands of rival nations a machinery for making them more destructive and costly in a given time than they ever

were before. The path which we are treading may be clearly laid down in the imagination of sanguine enthusiasts; but even they cannot deny that it leads through terrible perils, and that our pilgrimage will by no means conduct us through a succession of pleasant and peaceful places.

In short, it may be said that our good easy-going optimism has suffered a decided shock. How are we best to tune our minds to the occasion? Of course the most comfortable plan is to slay our own fatted calves, and give thanks that we are not compelled like our neighbours to dine off horses or rats. Let us carry out our customary ceremonies and draw as thick a veil as possible between ourselves and the hideous spectres outside our windows. There is something to be said for the plan, as for other modifications of the *mauve mari magno* mode of regarding the world. And yet, for once, it might be profitable, if not quite pleasant, to try a change. Suppose that for once we did not talk quite so much nonsense or eat so many mince-pies. Suppose that, for the sake of experiment, we admitted to ourselves that we were going through some disagreeable formalities, imposed upon us by a due regard for society, but essentially unpleasant. We might even venture to admit that a family party is, as a general rule, a very trying and wearisome performance, and we might remember with advantage that even family affections have their drawbacks. We are inevitably connected in this world with a number of persons to whose faults we cannot, if we would, be blind, and we are prepared to make the best of it, as we cannot help it, but we do not by any means regard it as a subject of unmixed exultation. Let us suppose, in short, that we behaved for once as if we had got into the imaginary palace of truth, instead of elaborately constructing a set of more or less agreeable but transparent fictions. Undoubtedly we should not have so demonstrative and convivial a Christmas party, and the experiment would hardly bear frequent repetition. But we should at least get rid for a time of a good deal of irksome hypocrisy, and might learn some permanently useful lessons. At any rate, we should be more in harmony with the feelings naturally suggested to anybody who looks out upon Europe at this present season of 1870.

#### MILITARY COURAGE.

FROM the commencement of the war the fighting qualities of the different troops engaged in it have been a subject of keen and necessarily invidious criticism. The French have been contrasted with the Germans, the Mobiles with the regulars. The conquering armies have been vaunted as not only the bravest, but the most angelic soldiery the world has ever seen; lions in the battle-field, but lamb-like in their winning gentleness when the fight is over and they retire to their billets among a helpless peasantry. Looked at through another glass they are brigands and butchers of the most atrocious type. Equally extreme and contradictory views are entertained of the French. On the one hand they are scorned as a race of poltroons, on the other glorified for a heroism which appears all the more splendid from the dark background of disaster against which it is displayed. The partisans of France find no difficulty in accounting to their perfect satisfaction for such awkward incidents as precipitate flight or terrified surrender, by throwing all the blame, according to their personal or political predilections, on either the regular troops or the Mobiles, without compromising the military reputation of the people at large. One defeat is explained by the cowardly defection of demoralized regulars who left the Mobiles to bear the brunt of the battle; another engagement is lost because the raw Moblots fled in panic, and then it was the regulars who maintained the honour of the flag. With this class of critics it is never the French who are beaten, but only some unworthy fragment of them, which betrays the rest. The cases where Mobiles and regulars have both taken to their heels with harmonious alacrity are explained by a similar theory of treachery or incapacity on the part of some general, or perhaps of the officers as a body. Now it is Bazaine's turn, now Cambriel's, now D'Aurelle's. "Nous sommes trahis," the old cry of 1792, has still an unfailing echo in the chorus of every French defeat. About the substantial facts of the question there can, of course, be no dispute. Short of acknowledging the Germans to be really angels in blue tunics, we are ready to admit their excellent qualities. Unquestionably they are admirable soldiers. Our troops in the Peninsula never achieved anything grander than their storming of the steep, almost perpendicular, heights at Spichen under the hail of the French *mitrailleurs*, or their equally intrepid and undaunted advance against the entrenched positions of the enemy at Gravelotte, when they had to move through the open under a scathing fire, to which, owing to the inferior range of their rifles, it was for some time impossible to reply. Perhaps still higher military qualities have been shown by the Germans in their not only patient but cheerful endurance of the monotonous miseries of outpost duty at Metz and Paris. That in occasional fits of exasperation they have behaved ruthlessly and even barbarously to the peasantry is, we fear, only too true, but we must not forget the temptations which beset a victorious army. "It has fallen to my lot," wrote Wellington, in one of his despatches after St. Sebastian, "to take many towns by storm, and I am concerned to add, that I never saw or heard of one so taken by my troops that it was not plundered." The passage of the Germans through France has been practically, if not technically, a series of stormings; and the spoliation of which

the population have had most bitterly to complain have not been at the hands of the invading troops on their own account, but exactions formally decreed and enforced under the orders of the chiefs, according to a settled plan of campaign, in which political considerations doubtless had their place. As far as there has been any individual plundering by the Germans, it would appear that quite as bad, if not much worse, stories can be told both of the French regulars and Mobiles. Indeed, the superior discipline of the German army has in some instances made the inhabitants of French towns and villages welcome their arrival as a relief from their own troops. From first to last there has been, as far as we are aware, no occasion on which the Germans have ever run away; they have had to retreat, but have never bolted in a *saute qui peut*. This cannot be said of the French. The regulars, in the first sortie from Paris, the Mobiles at the first appearance of the Germans before Orleans, and in the last retreat from that town, and also Amiens and Rouen, took to their heels in the most scandalous fashion, flinging away their arms, and thinking only of their own safety. In one of the engagements in the Loire country the other day a French major complained that his battalion disappeared, all but a dozen, before a shot was fired. These cases might be multiplied, discarding German evidence and taking only that of the French themselves and of English Correspondents. Yet at Wissemburg, at Wörth, in the battles around Metz, in the sorties from that fortress, and in the recent fighting on the Marne and Loire, there can be no question that the French behaved with conspicuous gallantry. That the Paris garrison fought in the most courageous and determined manner is sufficiently proved by the heavy roll of German losses, and the difficulty with which they were beaten back, only to return with redoubled energy to the assault.

Looking merely at the facts, then, we find that they come pretty much to this—that the Germans have fought with great gallantry, and have never run away or refused to fight; that the French have fought with great gallantry too, but on not a few occasions have fled in utter panic, or else surrendered on the spot after, to say the least, a very modest show of resistance. It would be unjust, however, on this account to pronounce the French to be inferior in military courage to the Germans. National prowess is not to be estimated, like shooting at a pigeon-match, by the number of marks scored on one side or the other. It is necessary to look at the conditions under which courage is displayed on the one side, or the want of it on the other. From the common talk about courage, one might fancy it was a fixed permanent quality; on the contrary, there is nothing so fluctuating and so dependent on varying external circumstances. There are not only many degrees, but many kinds of courage—individual and corporate courage, the courage of stupidity and of intelligence, of hope and of despair. And not only are there all these varieties of courage, but the same man may possess, or be possessed by, all of them at different moments. It was the surviving Zouaves who fought so desperately at Wörth, who ran away so disgracefully at Paris. In the same journal we read that the Mobiles with Garibaldi in the East of France are skulking in ditches, scampering off across fields, or flinging themselves on the ground in abject terror, while other Mobiles at Brie and Champigny on the Marne are attacking the Germans with impetuous and persistent daring. Yet in both cases the Mobiles were drawn from the same stock, and if their positions had been exchanged would doubtless have behaved in the same way. Indeed, many of the very Mobiles who ran away from Orleans in the first instance, displayed great bravery when first led back to Orleans by D'Aurelle, but again lost heart gradually in the three days' fighting. The behaviour of a body of troops is by no means an accurate measure of the personal bravery of the individuals composing it, or even of the majority of them. The courage corporate which "drags the coward to heroic death" is a familiar feature in the private history of armies. It may require more audacity to run away under the eye of comrades than to stop and fight; but beyond this, there is an infectious spirit of bravery which is irresistible, and of which a very little leavening may at a propitious moment be sufficient to leaven the whole mass. Fear is equally contagious; and just as many a poor creature has been carried forward, helpless and unwilling, by the mere force of the surrounding enthusiasm, into some heroic exploit, so have brave men been similarly swept away in a tide of panic. If the plain unvarnished history of any war were written, not the least startling page would be that which recorded the large and continual desertions which are always thinning an army in the field. In the Crimea numbers of men used to break away from our own regiments, sometimes with their sergeants at their head. In all armies it is the same. The truth is that personal courage, in the ordinary sense of not being afraid, is by no means so common, nor, where it does exist, is it necessarily so noble and respectable a quality as it is usually reckoned. Whether a man is or is not afraid at a particular moment may depend not at all on his permanent character, but on quite accidental and temporary circumstances. Dutch courage is genuine and effective enough while it lasts, though artificial in origin and of brief duration. Perhaps the commonest kind of courage is that of sheer stupidity—the blind man on the edge of the precipice trudging gaily along under the impression that it is a safe highway, and ignorant of the yawning gulf beside him. What is called presence of mind is often no better than this, though in its true form, including a full appreciation of the dangers of the

situation, it is one of the highest kinds of bravery. It was a favourite boast of the First Napoleon that he had the "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage"—that unprepared, impromptu courage which is never disconcerted by any startling event, but maintains a perfect capacity to consider and decide what is best to be done. With Napoleon this was an established habit of mind, a second nature, due in a great degree to his faith in fate. He backed his luck, as it were; believed, as a matter of course, that there was for him, if not for other people, always some way out of every difficulty and danger, and so gave himself time to think what steps to take. Whatever fitful resemblance there may be between Napoleon III. and his uncle in audacity of conception, nobody who has studied the character and career of the former can doubt that he has none of that presence of mind which is essential to success in the critical moments of a daring adventure; as witness his utter collapse on the first strokes of evil fortune at Wörth and Wissemburg.

While, however, there are all these different varieties of courage, they will be found on analysis to rest on the same basis, and that basis is mental conviction. Courage, in fact, is much less a moral than a mental quality—it is only a more or less instinctive and unconscious process of reasoning. The degree of courage with which a man throws himself into any enterprise will always depend on his confidence that the object in view is within reach and of a value commensurate with the effort to attain it. When you say a man is brave, you do not mean merely that he is utterly reckless of his person and life—ready, for example, to jump off the roof of a house into the street, or over a bridge, on any trifling provocation. If he were of this character he would be not a brave man, but only a madman. It is assumed that his bravery is reasonable—that is to say, that it will be exercised according to the dictates of reason, and for objects which, from his point of view, seem worthy of the peril he encounters. And here it is that the mental process comes into play. What is a reasonable object in such a case? Some will decide one way, some another; and of course there is courage in answering the question as well as in acting upon the conclusions arrived at. Moral or physical conditions will naturally affect the judgment in such a matter; a dram of rum or raki, a rousing bulletin, a fit of fanatical fervour, may produce a state of mind which makes light of danger and magnifies the importance of the objects for which it has to be faced. Low diet and a cold mood of reflection will operate the other way. According to one definition, courage is only a synonym for hopefulness, and no doubt the more sanguine a man is the more courageous he will be—as long, that is, as his sanguine, confident state of mind endures, the besetting danger of this mood being that it is apt to give way suddenly and utterly just in proportion to its previous enthusiasm. But as long as the sanguineness lasts it is a powerful stimulant, and may, if a quick dash will do it, achieve great things. Herein lies at once the weakness and the strength of French *élan*. For a rush, when, as in the case of their patron saint, it is the first step which settles everything, *élan* is invaluable; but Bugeaud has left on record an impressive warning to his countrymen against trusting too much to this quality. In Spain, when they were hurrying against one of the solid, silent English lines, more than one of them would begin to think within himself that the enemy was very slow in firing, and that his fire, when it came, would be very unpleasant. "We felt," he says, "less ardent. The moral influence, irresistible in war, of that composure which seems to be undisturbed (even when it is not so) over disorder intoxicated with noise, weighed upon us." And then when the English did open fire with a terrible hurrah the French were quickly driven off in disorderly retreat. There could hardly be a more striking description of the kind of swift, half-conscious process of reasoning on which courage depends, or of the collapse of mere enthusiasm arising from animal spirits and sanguine temperament without being based on a firm and well-grounded conviction. Nor could there be any warning more applicable to the present catastrophe in France. The French have again suffered for their too light-hearted and inconsiderate confidence. They rushed into the war, and have since continued it, on the faith of their military invincibility; but this is a faith which it is hard to sustain in the face of continuous and almost unvarying defeat. And of any other faith the great body of the people have as yet shown no indication. The Republicans are brave enough, because they know what they are fighting for, and deem it worthy of the price of bloodshed. But the bulk of the population, especially the peasantry, are evidently in a great measure paralysed by doubts as to what it is they are called upon to fight for, and whether it will repay their efforts. Their fear is not a mere cowardly fear of going under fire, but a fear lest the result of their doing so should be something almost as bad in their eyes as a German invasion—that is, the establishment of a Red Republic. And, on the other hand, some of the Republicans themselves are by no means sure that he who fights and runs away is not rendering the best service to his country by preserving himself to fight another day against a restoration of Imperialism, or some other monarchical revival. The Germans have from the first had a clear, distinct idea in their heads, and hence their uniform courage and endurance. They have faith in their policy and faith in their leaders. It is because the French as a nation are destitute of similar confidence in themselves and their commanders that they now present such a chequered spectacle of heroic fortitude and abject prostration.

## YOUNG LADIES AS THEY ARE.

WE have lately heard so much discussion of what is called "the movement on behalf of women," that it is a relief to find that there are still women in the world whose thoughts are occupied with love, dress, and cookery, and who seem to have neither grand aims nor lofty aspirations, nor any desire for what is called the "intellectual development" of their sex. We suspect, indeed, that the vehement advocates of woman's rights would denounce the Editor of the *Young Ladies' Journal*, like Canning's knife-grinder, as a "wretch whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance," and we suspect also that this Editor would be tolerably comfortable under the denunciation. To judge from a copious correspondence, the young ladies who read the *Journal* have aims and aspirations which their more exalted sisters would probably deem contemptible. They write to the Editor to inquire how they may obtain white hands and avoid red noses. The questions of these correspondents are not given, but we may infer from the answers that one young lady inquired how she might look intelligent. The Editor properly answered that by study and observation she might not only look but become intelligent. She is advised to mix in society as much as possible, and employ her leisure in study; but it is to be feared that the object of this advice is to enable her to please men, and not to show how she may rival them. Another piece of advice appears to be founded on the old maxim of the cookery book, "First catch your hare." A lady is recommended not to mark any of her linen until after her marriage. "Then let it bear your married name." A pretty domestic picture might be made of Mrs. Smith marking pocket-handkerchiefs while Mr. Smith contemplates the process and feels that he is comfortably bagged. Several correspondents desire to be informed on which finger the "engaged ring" is to be worn. It is a frequent practice to subjoin to questions on other subjects a request to the Editor to give an opinion on the handwriting of the questioner. A young lady who desires to know how she may keep herself bright and fresh-looking is advised to rise and retire to rest early and to take plenty of out-door exercise. The same young lady is informed that oysters and stout are considered good to take before singing. "A Sailor's Bride" is instructed in the art of making vegetable-marrow preserve, which we conjecture may be intended for the sailor to take with him to sea. "A Disappointed One" is informed that it is very early to show wrinkles, which good health and a happy temper should keep away for another ten years at least. The Editor receives a vast quantity of poetry, which, for the most part, is very summarily dealt with. Thus "Emily" is asked why she writes such nonsense verses. "A love song needs something more than rhyme. An idea is at least desirable." Equally severe is the criticism on "Brida," whose lines are declined because they are deficient in rhyme, and do not contain an idea that has not been done to death by amateur poets. The Editor seems here to need to bear in mind a precept which we find in the same page, that "a soft brush is best if the skin is tender." The editorial brush must sometimes be disagreeably harsh. Thus "Lucy" is told that her writing is not free enough, and she should use better ink and paper. Next to the character of handwriting, correspondents seem to be most solicitous about the colour of their hair. One answer is, "Dark brown; a very fine texture. Writing good." Another is, "We advise you to be content with the colour of your hair as it is, and not to attempt to alter it." It may encourage young gentlemen to know that one, at least, wrote to the Editor and got an answer; but we think he must have put a very improper question, since the answer is "Certainly wrong, unless she were decidedly engaged to the gentleman." We don't think that young gentlemen ought to be encouraged in censorious observation of the conduct of young ladies. The same correspondent is informed that he cannot take anything to remove a natural and healthy colour without injury to his health. A young lady who suffers under the same distressing affliction of vigorous health is recommended not to be ashamed of the indication of it, and not to take drugs to make her pale. "They may bring on indigestion." Another correspondent is informed that there is no way of compressing the waist without injury to the health. Another is answered that cold tea is harmless. "We do not think it would have any effect upon your complexion." Another is assured that if she keeps in good health her complexion will be good. Another is informed that her handwriting, although not elegant, is very legible. Those correspondents who do not write well are advised to practise assiduously with good copies. We hope that the confidence of the Editor in this method of improvement is well founded.

The next case in which advice is sought is more serious. "If," says the Editor, "you have not the courage to speak, write and ask whether you are to consider yourself engaged to him; otherwise he had better discontinue his attentions." The next case is also serious, but the answer, we trust, is satisfactory. "You will find a table of kindred and affinity in the Common Prayer Book, and the relation you name is not included in the list of those forbidden to marry." An inquirer who rather oddly assumes the title "Nil Desperandum" is recommended, "if he will not take a hint," to tell "him" that she would be obliged by his not calling so often. We certainly do not see any reason why this young lady should despair. The title "Love Lies Bleeding," which occurs in the same column, is even more unsuitable to the apparent nature of the queries. We should have expected some hint of a moving story of man's deceit and woman's sorrow, but the answers are only "Yes"; that velvet

is likely to be fashionable; and that certain articles not mentioned cannot be well washed at home. We are happy to infer that love is as well as can be expected under the sanguinary circumstances. Another correspondent is informed that sermon-cases are mostly preferred plain, but if for the clergyman of a High Church, they are sometimes embroidered. A young lady calling herself "Rose Alice Maude" administers comprehensive interrogatories. She is answered (1) that banns are not published when persons are married at a register office; and (2) "We can tell you of no other way than frizzing." In a separate column of queries intended to be answered by other correspondents, we are happy to find that "Love Lies Bleeding" has banished a levity which we deemed unsuitable to her condition, and now desires to be supplied, not with information about fashion, but with the words of a pathetic ballad. The case of "Lucy Gray" appears to be rather serious. She is advised (1) to go to a doctor, (2) to forget "him" as soon as she can, (3) same as (1), (4) to wash her hair with soft soap. "A Dark-eyed Beauty" is advised to wait patiently the result—advice which must be highly irritating, and probably useless. "It is not advisable to go out too often with him until you know really what he means." "Lizzie B." has evidently sent her photograph to the Editor, who pronounces it "very pretty, though rather melancholy-looking." Another young lady is suspected by us of having submitted "his" photograph to the same unerring judgment. Many correspondents require to be told that the finger for the "engaged" ring is that on which the wedding-ring is usually worn; but here is one who is evidently familiar with the former, but desires to know where the latter ought to be placed. We may note, for the information of gentlemen, that an "engaged" ring ought to have in it either pearls or diamonds. It is curious to observe an inquiry for the name of the author of the lines—

Where ignorance is bliss  
Tis folly to be wise.

In the last century no young lady of ordinary education would have needed to ask where she might find the poem which contains them. "Rosebud" is informed that "It is not generally considered a study for ladies, and is difficult." We should much like to know what "it" is. If "Rosebud" would consult the learned contributors to the *Victoria Magazine*, she would be informed that all studies are proper for ladies, and difficult studies more especially proper for them.

This flood of feminine tittle-tattle, poured out weekly throughout the year, is highly comforting to men who had begun to fear that women in general were going in for the elevation of the sex. There seem still to be young ladies who are like what young ladies used to be before any "movement" was set on foot for their supposed benefit. They desire to be told that they look nice and write prettily, and they are busy with fancy work, music, and novels, and interested in fashions, until "he" appears and absorbs all their thoughts. They seem to read an amazing quantity of novels in small print, which appear to us, on cursory perusal, to be neither better nor worse than many novels in large print with which we are more familiar. Mr. Disraeli himself could not surpass the splendour of the properties and distinction of the characters in a story called *Against his Will*, which was written for the special gratification of Rosebuds and Lilies, and other young ladies who have not yet been benefited by any "movement." A chapter of this story begins by stating that "the ball at the French Ambassador's was one of the pleasantest of the season." We are thus plunged at once among people who are not only at a ball of the highest fashion, but can go to or stay away from any number of similar balls as their fancy takes them. The novels which are published in these magazines and journals have the enormous advantage of illustrations which are worth any quantity of description in order to explain to a Rosebud or Lily of Cornwall or Cumberland how they do things at a French Ambassador's ball. "She was sitting beneath some crimson draperies playing with her fan." Such are the words inscribed beneath a representation of this ball. We learn from further perusal of the chapter that the Lady Alicia was ill at ease. She loved Percy Ayvisson (called by the world Lord Ayvisson) as much as it was in her nature to care for any one, but she loved herself best, and therefore she intended to wed Mr. Dunstan. It is necessary for the purpose of the story that one of Lady Alicia's lovers should be a commoner, but then he partially compensates for his intrusion into such noble company by being a millionaire. Mr. Dunstan was sitting beside Lady Alicia beneath the crimson draperies, and in the course of the evening it "transpires," as the penny-a-liners say, that she is engaged to him. Lord Ayvisson, after a fortifying or exciting visit to a buffet, demands an explanation of Lady Alicia as she is quitting the ball, and obtains it. She answers his question whether she is going to marry Mr. Dunstan with a faint "Yes," which he answers with "a bitter imprecation." Here our Rosebud may perhaps reflect that, if she were so fortunate as to have two lovers, she could throw over one of them, after due consultation with the Editor, almost as gracefully as Lady Alicia at the French Ambassador's ball, and possibly without liability to be sworn at. The unhappy Lord Ayvisson, having taken to drinking, also takes to gambling, which brings him next door to ruin, and there we leave him. It is possible that Rosebud may not, like ourselves, have read something like this many times before.

If we say that we rather like the frivolity of Rosebud and her sisters, we shall of course be reckoned among the opponents of the "intellectual development" of women, and shall be charged with desiring to keep women ignorant in order that they may remain

content in slavery. But the jealousy of educated women which is sometimes ascribed to educated men is, we believe, imaginary. Let women enter trades and professions freely, but let them not expect, after they have done so, that they can compete for men's affection with our Rosebud, if she could only be better educated and leave off reading gorgeous descriptions of Lady Alicia's boudoir and the ball-room at the French Embassy. Of course it is open to a woman to say that she does not care for marriage; but if she does, she should be warned that a doctor of law or physic might find a dangerous rival even in an unimproved, unsophisticated Rosebud, who with an imperfectly developed intellect hangs with breathless interest over the stories, and is actually capable of admiring the poetry, of the *Young Ladies' Journal*. We are happy to observe that the Editor of this publication gives no countenance to the modern doctrine that marriage may or may not be desirable for women. Indeed, we should like to see how the Editor would answer a correspondent who might have the temerity to propound this doctrine. The Editor's views as to the expediency of marriage for men are very decidedly expressed in a passage which describes the home of "the forlorn single man," who drowns for a while his cares in "the intoxicating bowl," then rushes to the gambling saloon, and ends his selfish career a miserable drunkard. We are sure that any unmarried man who reads this description of the fate which awaits him will determine to gather a rosebud while he may, and here is a garden full of them.

#### FATHER HYACINTHE.

A VAST miscellaneous assemblage met the honest, kindly eyes of Father Hyacinthe on Tuesday afternoon at the Hanover Square Rooms. The majority of the company, eagerly expectant of a hitherto undiscovered "possibility of sensation," appeared to be English and Protestant, and to have come to see quite as much as to hear the famous excommunicated Carmelite. In this metropolis of wealth and dulness, at all seasons, and especially at Christmas, may be found a multitude of the most indefatigable lion-hunters and sight-seers in the world, who, whether they ride in private carriages or in cabs, are for ever in pursuit of the last new thing, whether it be a revolutionary patriot, a real or a sham monk in costume, a discoverer of the sources of the Nile, a popular and prophetic preacher or buffoon, a drama or a dance more sensational than moral, or a female player on the opheleide. Whenever the pursuit of novelty can be combined with a little easy charity and a slight flavour of religious excitement, the languid curiosity of Belgravia and the respectable fervour of Baker Street are equally stirred, and the success of the entertainment is assured. On the present occasion the provident ticket-holders who overflowed the concert-room, the staircases, the passages, and the entrance-hall, whether or not they saw or heard or understood the interesting personage on the platform, had at least the genuine satisfaction of contributing to one of the best, and we believe the best-administered, of all the charities connected with the War. A considerable sum must have been added to the French Peasantry Relief Fund. Those who were fortunate enough to secure seats, and who knew enough of the lecturer's language to feel its admirable power, its perfect ease, and its finished simplicity, had the rare gratification of acknowledging that the cause and the advocate were worthy of each other. Even those whose acquaintance with the French language was of the usual schoolroom order could scarcely fail to taste the suavity and the sincerity of that thrilling voice, and to be deeply moved by those accents of the heart. As he stood for a few moments in the presence of that crowd of strange up-turned faces, silent and full of thought, Father Hyacinthe threw a rapid and piercing glance over his audience. With the true oratorical instinct he seemed to take the measure, so to speak, of its receptive faculties, its disposition and sympathies. Thereupon it was to a characteristically English audience that he proceeded to address himself. Had it been more French than English he would assuredly have told the truth as to the origin of the war, and as to the responsibilities of his country, as fearlessly as in the pulpit of the Madeleine or Notre-Dame. But he might perhaps have omitted or modified some passages in which he welcomed with saddened hope the good results which, out of so much evil, the war had already accomplished for civilization—the unity of Germany, and the emancipation of Rome. If there were any among his hearers who had expected to see the Father dressed in the priestly or the monastic robe, we must confess we have very little pity for their disappointment at beholding a quiet and self-possessed middle-aged gentleman in an ordinary layman's morning-dress; a head upon which the tonsure, as a shrewd reporter remarked, was scarcely discernible; a face at once resolute and gentle, and a smile beaming with kindness and intelligence. Once a Father always a Father, we suppose; but the celebrated ecclesiastic who was once upon a time Father Hyacinthe is now, it should be remembered, a simple secular priest—a monk no more. When he was a monk, it is true he was a real, not a *dilettante* one; a Savonarola, not a "Father Ignatius." When he ceased to be a Carmelite, it was not because he had rebelled against his vows, but because he was too faithful to the message of his Master; because he was a good monk, but a better Christian; even as now he loves his country well, but truth and justice and humanity better than his country. Father Hyacinthe represents the forlorn hope of the reconciliation of an absolute ecclesiastical system with that liberty of the human mind and conscience which the Court

of Rome has again and again censured and condemned. He personifies with chivalrous fidelity and devotion that idea of Catholicity for which Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, in all the generous enthusiasm of early aspirations and illusions, suffered rebuke and repulse; that idea which succumbed to infatigability in the Ecumenical Council, and which the high-souled Montalembert confessed with dying lips. Father Hyacinthe's cause represents much more than this; the unity of Christendom in diversity of Churches, emulating one another's graces and good works in the same faith and the same freedom. It was not, we would believe, because he had denounced from the pulpit of Notre-Dame "the luxury and vice which carried in their bosom the seeds of social and of national revolution" that he was summoned to the Vatican to answer for his words, insulted by the Ultramontane press and the Jesuit organs, silenced by his ecclesiastical superiors, and finally visited with the major excommunication. It was not because he had shocked the sensibilities of the pious and devout Court of the Second Empire, and filled the ancient Metropolitan Cathedral at his Lenten and Advent Conferences with crowds of repentant and kneeling Magdalens of high degree, that the meek and mild Bishop Dupanloup remonstrated with this fearless and faithful preacher, that the austere M. Veuillot heaped insults on his name, and the Head of his Order sentenced him to submission and retreat; nor was it because he had asserted the necessity of the religious sanctions against a Pagan philosophy. It was rather because he had owned Christian fellowship with heretics, and had taken part with Jews in the "League of Peace and Liberty," that he was doomed to suffer all the penalties, save the last, that befel the immortal Dominican Friar of the fifteenth century. These events and incidents of Father Hyacinthe's career have made him one of the most remarkable figures of an age destined to be memorable in the history of Churches. Undaunted by his own defeats, he looks forward with confident serenity to the regeneration of his own "great Church, the Church of Rome," by the abolition of the Temporal Power. Nor is he alone in this eccentric expectation; he is sustained by some of the most learned living theologians, though not perhaps by the most intemperate of converts.

On the immediate subject of his lecture on Tuesday last—from which he digressed only to enlarge and elevate his vision of passing history—Father Hyacinthe discoursed in a very different strain from that of many contemporary chroniclers and critics of the War. Against the reactionary and barbarous theories now in fashion, of inevitable wars of race and religion, he insisted that, in spite of diversities of language, of temperament, of culture, the essential unity of races under one common Father was still the natural and normal destiny of mankind. National unity was as much a right of Germany as of France; and if France had never manifested an unworthy jealousy of her neighbour's unity, her own integrity might never have been assailed. We recommend these reflections to some violent and unreasoning partisans on this side of the Channel, who, now that German unity is an accomplished fact, forget how France hectorated and intrigued before she drew her sword to prevent it. The Second Empire began by encouraging the unity of Italy and Germany, but the blindness of Personal Power and the dread of public liberty urged a wayward and unstable will into a policy of intervention and aggression. Profoundly opposed to German as to French annexations, Father Hyacinthe energetically denies that even the loss of two provinces would reduce France to the rank of a second-rate Power. On the contrary, he believes that her present eclipse is an expiation from which she may be destined to emerge purified and redeemed. It was from the disasters inflicted upon her by the First Napoleon that Prussia had risen to her present power. Let Prussia and Germany take warning from the fate of France, and beware of exchanging a peaceful intellectual dominion for a military despotism. These noble admonitions, exempt alike from the prejudices and the passions of a spurious patriotism or an unscrupulous partisanship, were conveyed in a language not unworthy of the patriot and fellow-churchman of a Fénelon, a Bossuet, a Massillon, and a Bourdaloue—but a language unaccustomed to the lips of Court preachers of any age, and strange enough, no doubt, to modern hearers more familiar with the fashionable French literature before the siege of Paris. We have heard a Ravignan and a Félix in an English pulpit; the urbane and polished rhetoric of those renowned Jesuit Fathers was the rhetoric of their Order and of devout Parisian salons. Father Hyacinthe's eloquence is the eloquence of the Apostolic age, of one before whom even the Roman ruler trembles, and whom Athenians and strangers would desire to "hear again."

#### ST. ANDREWS.

WE said rashly in a former article that the general effect of St. Andrews was that of a cross between Oxford and St. David's. A more enlarged experience has taught us that the description, true of the fallen metropolis at certain seasons, does not remain true during the whole of the year. There are months during which the Oxford element vanishes, as, to be sure, it may during those same months be said to vanish from Oxford itself. But then, during the season when Oxford ceases to be Oxford, it at least does not become anything else. But St. Andrews during certain months does become something else. Not only does the Oxford element vanish, but another element comes in its stead. The old city ceases to be a University town and

becomes a watering-place. Oxford and Cambridge, not standing on the sea, cannot at any time become watering-places in the same sense as St. Andrews. But it would be odd if they were, during the academical vacations, to be turned into the likeness of Bath and Cheltenham.

The smallness of the city at St. Andrews undoubtedly allows the presence of the University to be more felt, and gives it more of the character of a University town, than when a University is placed in a great city like Glasgow or Edinburgh. But even at St. Andrews one feels that the University is not, and never has been, dominant. It would seem that no Scottish University could become dominant in its city, because, while English Universities grew, Scottish Universities were made. The Colleges in the Scottish Universities are not at all after the model of the English Colleges, and yet it would seem that the Universities have much less being apart from their Colleges than they have in England. Now in England the rule was that a University came of itself, while a College was founded by somebody. Now all the Scottish Universities were founded by somebody, King, Bishop, or Earl. The greater part of them, St. Andrews among them, were founded by Bishops. The child did not outtop the parent; the University of St. Andrews could not, while Bishops lasted, be more than an appendage to the Bishopric. And even now that Bishops are fallen, it is still the fallen Bishopric and not the living University which gives the city its peculiar character in the eye of the visitor.

St. Andrews is in truth one of the most purely episcopal cities in Britain. The Bishopric has been all in all, and the city has borrowed its very name from the church. Its metropolitan dignity of course is far more modern, neither of the Scottish Archbishoprics dating from an earlier time than the fifteenth century. The cause which explains the anomaly of a kingdom without a Primate explains also another anomaly—namely, why the province of York is so much smaller than the province of Canterbury. There can be no doubt that the Northumbrian Primate was designed to exercise metropolitan jurisdiction over Scotland, just as much as the Kentish Primate did over Wales, and, if the ecclesiastical map were laid out according to this scheme, the two provinces of Britain would be pretty much of the same size. And at St. Andrews it is really Bishops and not Archbishops who have given the place its character. All the chief buildings and foundations are older than the time when the see became metropolitan. But we may be tempted to ask how even a suffragan Bishopric came to be fixed in such a place as St. Andrews—not but that St. Andrews is at least a much larger town than Dunkeld and Dunblane. The truth is that many of the ecclesiastical peculiarities of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are, as it were, exaggerations of the peculiarities of England. That is to say, the causes which produced certain results in England existed in still greater strength in the other parts of the British Islands. England, at the time of its conversion, had no hierarchy of cities which could be at once, like those of Gaul and Spain, transformed into an hierarchy of Bishoprics. English episcopacy therefore remained for a while something tribal or territorial rather than local. In Ireland, Scotland, and Wales this was still more strongly the case. To this day several Scottish and Irish Bishoprics retain the territorial titles which in England died out after the Norman Conquest. The missionary Bishop too was often something of a hermit, and often rather avoided than sought a great city as the place of his see. The result has been that, of the old Bishoprics of Scotland, Glasgow and Aberdeen are the only two which are found in the large towns of the country. Instead of Stirling and Perth, we find the episcopal home at Dunblane and Dunkeld.

St. Andrews then was not a Bishopric founded in a city, like Canterbury and London, but a Bishopric round which a town grew up, as at Durham. It was, we believe, the only cathedral church in Scotland which was served not by secular priests but by monks, and one result of this peculiarity was that "the noble stainless Murray," at one time of his life, bore the title of Prior of St. Andrews. At St. Andrews therefore the cathedral and its appurtenances take the form of a monastery. The monastic precinct is strongly fortified, and it is said that one object of the gigantic wall, which one is tempted at first sight to take for the wall of the city, was to make the monks more independent of the Bishop. The episcopal abode, famous for the murder of Cardinal Beaton, is stronger still than the Abbey, and stands quite apart from it on a small separate headland. The main front of the castle is later than the days of the murder, being the work of the notorious Archbishop Hamilton; but parts at least of the present building, as well as the whole general design, are far older. Few scenes can be more striking than the castle rising immediately from the rocks with the waves dashing at their feet, and beyond them the seemingly boundless length of the ruined cathedral, with the tower of St. Rule, tall, square, unbuttressed, soaring, a well-nigh perfect relic of earlier times, over the mighty pile which it has seen rise and fall. In point of fact St. Andrews Cathedral is hardly, as to its scale, entitled to a place among churches of the first rank, but, when looked at from a distance, where nothing is seen of the church itself except a fragment of the west front and another fragment of the east end, the space between the two seems far greater than it really is. But it is the tower of St. Rule which, after all, really gives the whole group its peculiar character. The ruins of the cathedral have their charms, architectural and historical, but they are charms which St. Andrews shares with many other places. Taken alone, they certainly do not surpass in interest those of the Abbey

of Arbroath. But St. Rule in one sense stands by itself, in another it is connected with a whole crowd of memorable places. It is the elder church, which went before the building of the present cathedral, answering to Cormac's church at Cashel, to the old church at Killaloe, to the elder church of which the campanile survives at Dunblane. What now remains is the tower and choir—the small, simple, aisleless choir—of the primitive building. An arch in the west wall of the nave shows that the tower was central with a nave to the west of it; an arch in the east wall of the choir shows that there was a distinct presbytery to the further east. What was its shape? In France, or even in England, it would doubtless be apsidal; but among Scots in either island we should rather look for a square recess, like that at the east end of Cormac's chapel, or of that wonderfully Irish-looking church which stands on the slope of Valeria at Sitten. The tower itself has been aptly likened to an Irish round tower built square; it is just as much like one of Colswegen's towers at Lincoln carried up to a preternatural height. It is in fact a tower of the primitive Romanesque, with all the characteristics of the primitive style, with most distinct midwall shafts in its windows, but carried up with an excess of height and slenderness which has no parallel among square towers in the British Islands, and beside which St. Peter-at-Gowts and St. Mary-le-Wigford would be utterly dwarfed. The eastern arch of the choir is worth notice. The heavy roll is there, but it is used in so inartistic a way that it might be a fair question whether it was an accident of earlier times which might have helped to suggest the mouldings of Durham and Dunfermline, or whether it was an awkward imitation of them by some unpractised hand. In either case the style is undoubtedly Primitive and not Norman. Its date is another matter. There are legends enough and to spare as to its origin, but the evidence of authentic records seems to fix it to a date as late as the first half of the twelfth century, between 1127 and 1144. But as a building of so late a date it is all the more valuable. It proves that the Primitive Romanesque lingered very late in Scotland, as it undoubtedly lingered in Germany. If we compare it with Dunblane tower and with Cormac's chapel, we might be inclined to guess a much earlier date. Dunblane tower is Norman, with slight Primitive traces hanging about it; St. Rule's tower is essentially Primitive, every stone of it. St. Rule, Dunblane, and Cormac's chapel are all alike specimens of the class of buildings which in Celtic Britain came before the vast churches of the Norman type, and as such they are equally valuable whatever be their dates—if anything, they are the more valuable the later their dates. The church itself, to which the tower is attached, small as it is, is somewhat complicated in its ground-plan; the tower itself is perhaps the most striking of its type in Britain. It is strange indeed to be called on to believe that it is contemporary with the elaborate work at Dunfermline, that it is only forty or fifty years older than the cathedral which stands beside it. What it really marks is the long abiding of old-fashioned tastes at St. Andrews, and the sudden and sweeping nature of the revolution which must have swept them away. At Dunfermline, under English influence, the same revolution happened much earlier. In feeling St. Rule seems parted by ages from the newer and stately church which it has survived. Yet the fact ceases to be incredible when we remember that a space of only about twenty years separates the tower of Jarrow from the choir of Durham.

The building of the church on the scale and in the style which had now become usual, and the establishment of the Bishop in a detached fortress, are changes both of which mark most characteristically the change from the earlier times to the fully developed mediæval period. The Bishop had changed from a missionary into a feudal lord. The temple which satisfied the simple ideas of the native Church seemed despicable to a generation which had drunk in English and Norman ideas fast after one another. Yet it is not without significance that the earlier building was allowed to survive alongside of its statelier successor, and was neither destroyed nor absorbed into it. And, after all, St. Andrews Cathedral, as it was carried out from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, could never have rivalled the great churches of England and France. Yet it is a noble pile, fully worthy in proportion and detail of its high historic interest. A short eastern and a long western limb, with a single central tower, must have produced an outline, surpassed perhaps by the three towers of Arbroath and Dunfermline, but placing St. Andrews in quite another class from the half-parochial cathedrals of Dunblane, Dunkeld, and Brechin. Indeed the single tower, thrown as it must have been into all kinds of strange and picturesque groupings with the tower of St. Rule, may have really been more effective than the arrangement of central and western towers which in England and Normandy was traditional.

The great view of St. Andrews in the days of its glory must have been from the water. Nowhere else in Britain does a great church directly overhang the sea. Still less can we find elsewhere church and castle perched in this way side by side on the rocks. And it must not be forgotten that the two great buildings were attended by several satellites, some of which still survive to play a part in the general aspect of the city. The plain, massive towers of the parish church and of the College church are far from despicable, and the latter especially shows us something not so very unlike the general conception of St. Rule living on in the fifteenth century. The Franciscan church of the same date, if it at all followed the type of churches of that order in England and Ireland, would supply yet another tall and slender tower to what must have been a singularly striking group.

But of this church the apse only remains, showing that, in one important particular, it departed from all Irish and nearly all English precedent. Of the many Friars' churches in Ireland we cannot call to mind a single apsidal one, nor can we remember more than one in England, namely the ruined church at Winchelsea. The apse here, as at Stirling and at Linlithgow, is a sign of that French influence which renders later Scottish architecture so puzzling, producing something neither French nor English. It is a most speaking fact that, up to the wars of Edward the First, the architecture of Scotland is English, differing at most only as one part of England differs from another, while the buildings of the Bruces and Stewarts have a character of their own, influenced far more by the models supplied by the friends of the "ancient league" than by those who were now become the "auld enemies of England."

#### MR. MERRIMAN AGAIN.

IT is a pity that those naughty, wicked Frenchmen cannot be brought to own the propriety of giving in. They have already obliged the poor Germans to renounce the hope of spending Christmas with their families, and they grow more and more obstinate, and more and more reckless of suffering and loss, so long as they can annoy their enemies. Metaphorically speaking, Paris has been repeatedly bombarded with the heaviest literary artillery; but perhaps some effect might still be produced if translations of the *Times* and other English newspapers could be printed, and distributed by means of balloons in the rebellious city. It is possible that the Parisians are deficient in admiration of the skill with which Count Moltke moves his armies throughout French territory, "as if they were men on a chess-board." A writer in the *Times* takes the map supplied by his employers, marks off upon it the positions of the German troops according to the latest telegrams, and falls into ecstasies of delight at what he calls "the consummate intertwining of all the links in the chain" of armies. A more prosaic interpretation of recent movements would be, that the French have moved armies or rudiments of armies in the field, and the Germans are doing the best they can to make head against them. We have heard of an undergraduate who had such a reputation for wit at Cambridge that he could not ask for the mustard-pot at a breakfast party without sending the company into a convulsion of laughter; and so, whenever Count Moltke moves a division of German soldiers from one place to another, the *Times* leads off a chorus of admiration at the "wonderful precision" with which he manages the campaign. The Parisians do not understand all this, perhaps because it has been improperly explained to them; but if they did, they ought to surrender to Count Moltke on the same principle that induced the 'coon to descend from his tree on the appearance of a celebrated marksman.

The heavy artillery of leaders is supported by a smart fire of correspondence. The proposal of Mr. Merriman to hold a public meeting of the citizens of London has been rejected by the Lord Mayor, but it has nevertheless produced a letter from an Alderman which would surely influence the Parisians if they were not deaf to the voice of reason. They ought to remember, when an Alderman advises them, that width and wisdom go together, and instead of obeying the dictates of lean and hungry leaders, they should listen while there is yet time to the counsels of sleek and well-fed friends. To speak seriously, the authority of Mr. Alderman Cotton's condemnation of Mr. Merriman's proposal is impaired by the absurdity of the letter in which he expresses his own opinion upon the subject of it. He believes that a meeting of citizens would be useless in accelerating a return of peace which can only accrue on the exhaustion of one or other of the Powers engaged in this gigantic struggle. At the same time he expresses the hope, common, he believes, to the great majority of his countrymen, that France will soon perceive that, with the enormous odds against her, it would be hopeless, if not reckless, for her further to maintain the unequal war. He believes that neither combatant will yield until thoroughly exhausted, and he hopes that France will see the propriety of yielding soon. We venture to express the hope, common, as we think, to no inconsiderable number of our countrymen, that Aldermen and other distinguished personages will abstain, as much as possible, from talking nonsense about this war. If it is at all probable that Mr. Alderman Cotton would say at the Guildhall that which he has written in the *Times*, we require no other reason for our opinion that the proposed meeting ought not to be held. It is difficult to conceive anything more offensive to Frenchmen than this opinion of the Alderman, and it might be expected that Mr. Merriman or his allies would contrive to say something equally disagreeable to Germans. As a means of further exasperating both France and Germany against England, this proposal for a meeting at Guildhall would be difficult to improve upon. We should think also that the peace which is to be recommended abroad would be likely to be seriously disturbed at home. There are people in London who believe that France will conquer in this war because her Government is Republican. There are other people who believe that Germany will conquer in this war because the *Times* has taught them to admire the "wonderful precision" with which Count Moltke has conducted the campaign. If these two opposite parties should meet in the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor would have hard work to prevent their fighting to settle how peace ought to be made. Indeed, the question might as well be settled that way as any other. It may

be said that France ought to yield because Paris is certain to be taken; and it may be said that Germany ought to yield either because Paris is certain to be taken, or because it is certain to be relieved. The question upon which one side or the other must yield before peace is possible is evidently that of the possession of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany has occupied, and apparently intends to keep, a portion of French territory. It is open to any number of Englishmen who have nothing better to do to pass a resolution that Germany ought to act the high-minded and generous part by retiring within her own territory. Of course we all desire to stop the effusion of blood in France, and some of us are almost equally anxious to stop the effusion of talk in England. The only view of the question that could be stated with any confidence in its soundness would be highly offensive to French susceptibility. It might be said that Germany captured Metz and Strasburg, and that if France tried for seven years she would be very unlikely to retake those fortresses, and therefore it might be prudent to desist from efforts which must be exhausting, and would probably be useless. It might be added that under Republicanism of any colour France would find the recapture of these fortresses an equally hopeless task. But supposing this view of French prospects to be well founded, it would be not at all more likely, but, on the contrary, much less likely, to be accepted by Frenchmen because it had been adopted at a public meeting held in England. And we cannot even attempt to state any other view of French prospects without raising questions which are debated in all newspapers and at all dinner-tables in England, and which would certainly be debated with equal vigour in the Guildhall.

Suppose that when this country was involved in the contested election which settled the fate of the Irish Church, a benevolent neighbour had interfered and deprecated all bad passion and violence, and urged an amicable settlement, that neighbour would have acted very much as it is now desired that England should act in reference to the Franco-German war. The difficulty of saying on what terms the Irish Church question should be settled would have been slight compared to that of settling the conditions of peace between France and Germany. We may perhaps be permitted to say now that it appeared probable during that conflict that the Conservatives would be defeated by the Liberals. But it would have been utterly useless to say so at the time. The Conservatives did actually gain many partial victories of a surprising kind, and many of them doubtless felt the confidence which their leader Mr. Disraeli expressed that the ultimate result of the contest would be their complete triumph. When we remember the speeches which were made about the old flag—the flag of the Constitution—we feel persuaded that any attempt at the repression of that enthusiastic oratory would have been hopeless. And yet there were many voters who would have been well pleased to escape voting, just as in the French armies there are many young peasants who have only a moderate appetite for fighting. Among the Conservative leaders there were some who believed, and others who pretended to believe, that the contest would be victorious; and there were others who held that it ought to be maintained unflinchingly, whatever might be the end of it. And here the parallel between that contest and the war in France becomes instructive. Some at least among the military and political leaders under whom France has placed herself, or who have placed themselves over France, probably consider that under their guidance she is capable of regaining Alsace and Lorraine. Others are likely to hold that, although the prospect of final success may be very small, French honour is nevertheless concerned to maintain the conflict as long as France has a soldier or a five-franc piece. Without debating the reasonableness of this view, Englishmen may be usefully reminded that it is exactly the view which they would be likely to take if they were placed in the same position. We are always unprepared for war, and slow to believe in its possibility, but we should fight with the tenacity of our own bulldogs to recover territory which we had lost. Indeed, it seems that the only resolution which could be proposed at the Guildhall with any chance of its being adopted would be, that in the opinion of this meeting the French are showing admirable pluck. But although we do not write under that German influence of which Mr. Merriman complains, we should deprecate any such resolution, as tending to throw doubt upon this country's neutrality. There is really no resolution which such a meeting could usefully adopt, and if Mr. Merriman could find any domestic subject to occupy his attention the proposal to hold the meeting might, we should think, be conveniently abandoned. If one has nothing to say, there is no need to make an opportunity for saying it. But Mr. Merriman, like a clown in a pantomime, is under the perpetual necessity of exclaiming, "Here we are again."

The pertinacity of these agitators can only be encountered by showing them the door. Loquacious gentlemen who, after asking a question and receiving an answer, "desire to make some further remarks," are in danger of being classed with those itinerant dealers in cigars who, if they once make their way into a house or office, are very difficult to expel. The Lord Mayor has refused to allow Mr. Merriman and his friends to meet in the Guildhall, and has persisted in his refusal; and we can discover no traces of that "painful excitement" which, as Mr. Merriman assured the Lord Mayor, would be produced throughout the country by his persistence. Indeed, we begin to think that the City is fortunate in a chief magistrate who has at any rate sufficient sense to decline to make himself gratuitously absurd. There is nothing to

prevent a meeting being held at the Terminus Hotel, and, in the event of the pantomimes proving dull, it may be a useful addition to the diversions of the week. We gather from the report of the first interview with the Lord Mayor that there is a difference of opinion between Mr. Merriman and Mr. Gill, which might be discussed on a platform to the amusement of the public, and, as we would venture to hope, without serious injury to the disputants. If it be true that, as Mr. Gill says, the majority of the requisitionists are entirely opposed to the views of Mr. Merriman, we think it highly desirable that they should meet, but not in the Guildhall.

## CATCH v. SHAEN.

THE luck of the few who seem born to fame must be very aggravating to the many who sigh for it in vain. It is something for the obscure autocrat of a workhouse to find his name mixed up with the discussion of a great social question; to be the hero of a *cause célèbre* that occupies for weeks the attention of the Court of Queen's Bench. The plaintiff in *Catch v. Shaen* may well think himself exceptionally fortunate. After making a false start in life, he stumbles into the very career to which he has obviously been born, rapidly develops his genius, and has his extraordinary merits promptly recognised. We can imagine the future master of so many workhouses, vaguely conscious of his latent powers, but little sanguine of his future destinies, casting languishing looks at the grim windows of metropolitan Unions as he trode his solitary beat. At last nature had her way, and irresistible sympathies launched him on the tide that floated him to his fortunes. He dropped the oilskin cape, cast down the truncheon, and turned in at the workhouse doors. At first, indeed, he did not get further than the threshold, and had to content himself with a porter's humble post. But the janitor of a place where the poor and forlorn must either knock with faltering fingers, or be thrust in neck and crop, offers exceptional opportunities for the display of character. His light is very far from being hid under a bushel; on the contrary, the Guardians to whom he opens have occasions to appreciate him forced upon them each time they pass in. The parochial eye recognised the sterling stuff of Mr. Catch's composition. After a brief apprenticeship, the humble was exalted with a vengeance. The ex-policeman, the new-made porter, came with a rush to the very top of the ladder, and found himself the Master of the Strand Workhouse. Evidence of energy had won him his great place, and he resolved that his zeal should prove him worthy of it. With his remarkably independent cast of mind, if he did lose his head a little in the sudden licence of absolute command, we need hardly wonder. He had a difficulty with the medical officer, and, judging from what the trial has elicited as to the relations of doctors and masters in workhouses, the difficulty must have had its birth in no trifling circumstances. His treatment of the sick seems to have been objected to as unduly vigorous, and he left. We can conceive the grief of the Strand Guardians at being constrained to part with their new-found phoenix. They knew only too well that rival ratepayers were on the watch. Men like Mr. Catch do not go a-begging when the discouragement of indoor relief is a vital question, and Newton snapped him up straightway. His mishaps at the Strand might have warned a less conscientious man, but Mr. Catch had a system to develop, and a reputation to sustain. He persisted in his "short method of dealing with paupers," and envy and calumny pursued him still. At Newton many charges were made against him. It was said, among other things, that he had locked up a girl all night in a book-safe, without window, chimney, or any means of ventilation. It appears that he denied this; at least he was quite unable to remember anything of the matter. Possibly he spoke very honestly, and trifles like these may be of much too frequent occurrence to dwell in the memory of metropolitan Bumbles. However, the Government Inspector came to the conclusion that Mr. Catch's memory must have played him false, and found the accusation proven. The Poor Law Commissioners, trenching on the province of the Guardians, as we cannot but think, in a most unfair and high-handed manner, called on the Master to resign. That the Commissioners subsequently regretted this most unusual stretch of official authority is plain. For when the Lambeth Guardians greedily clutched at this maligned and maltreated public servant, and tendered him the best post in their gift in place of that from which he had been unfairly ejected, the Commissioners made no objection. With his system not only approved by the enthusiastic competition of rival Boards, but officially confirmed by the Government authorities, naturally Mr. Catch lost no time in remodelling Lambeth. What are the limits, if any, set to a workhouse master's prerogative, we have no means of knowing. Perhaps Mr. Catch, being so favourably known by the most conspicuous incidents of his previous career, received exceptional *carte blanche*. At all events we learn that he completely changed the system in the house, and introduced a much more severe discipline. However, in carrying out his system in some of its details, he was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to come across Mr. Shaen, whose philanthropical antecedents have already introduced him to the public. Although Mr. Shaen may have misunderstood Mr. Catch, we cannot doubt that on this occasion he was actuated by very honourable and creditable motives. At the same time we cannot be surprised that a ratepaying jury should decline to consider his motives, when they saw that his conduct must gravely embarrass valuable officials like Mr. Catch, and might possibly tend in the end to make Unions tolerable places of residence. So Mr.

Catch has received in the meantime a verdict for 600*l.*, whatever it may prove worth to him in the end, and a fresh certificate to character that must give him chartered liberty of choice among all the posts in his profession.

We have run over generally the story of Mr. Catch's career, because it graphically illustrates the qualities that recommend a man for the management of a workhouse. The evidence in a suit that lasted so many days was necessarily prolix. But we must note some of the telling little episodes that came out; some of the forcible touches in this sensational picture of inner workhouse life. We do not answer for the exact truth of all of them; as to some, the jury did not consider them proved. Many of the charges the Judge clearly believed in, and others he evidently thought by no means incredible. But we must say, in justice to Mr. Catch, that the Lord Chief Justice has shown very little of a parochial mind. We hope it is no breach of privilege to add, that to us there seems something very like animus, the animus of honest indignation, in his expressions in regard to those cells of confinement which he went to inspect himself, and which one of the jury pronounced to be admirably fitted for their purpose. He entered his "emphatic protest" against a woman being shut up there. He appealed to the jury as to whether a woman should have been confined in a place which he could only describe as "between a privy and a doghole." One of the jurymen, as we have seen, had no hesitation in answering in the affirmative; and, indeed, the Chief Justice remarked that "the Guardians knew the nature of the place as well as the Master," and therefore approved it. Surely there must be an error in our system somewhere, when an eminent judge ventures to condemn the men whom we trust to dispose despotically of the bodies of the average pauper. The Lord Chief Justice may know a good deal, but nothing but practice can teach one what the pauper may bear and ought to be made to bear. Habit hardens for endurance as well as for infliction. As one of the medical men observed in evidence, in an off-hand pleasant way—and he speaks with the authority of one who has a finger on the pauper pulse—paupers are rough material, and want rough treatment. Under cross-examination this gentleman toned down the spirit of his answer a good deal, and said that he recommended nothing more forcible than roughness of speech. It is natural, however, that those who are charged with putting in practice such a theory of administration, those who are men of action rather than men of thought, may be hurried further. We have the testimony of an ex-taskmaster as to his fashion of dealing with obstreperous females, and, as the Judge observed, it was a "thorough, straightforward, consistent statement, and self-criminating, and could not be hastily disposed of." This witness says he knocked the woman's head against the wall, in the presence of a female official and a couple of males. He admits slapping her twice in the face, forcing her down upon a seat, and shaking her violently. She became insensible at any rate, was brought round by having water flung upon her, and, cold and drenched, was locked up for the night in this wretched "doghole." What is certain is, that she was seriously ill afterwards; that a lad confined next door confirmed much of her story without communicating with her; that not merely inmates of the workhouse, but cabmen outside, heard screams, and shouted in to ask "if they meant to murder the woman"; and that the officials implicated swore that the whole story was a falsehood—that there was no violence, no ill-usage, and no screams. The Judge observed that eight witnesses confirmed the girl. He said "it was difficult to conceive what motive they could have for inventing the story," and commented pointedly on the many corroborative facts. If her story be true, what are we to think of the treatment tolerated in the workhouses, of the chances of a victim obtaining redress against the officers, of the character of the supervision exercised by the Guardians, and of their value as a tribunal of appeal? This cell might be used for the manipulation of exceptionally rough material, but the ward habitually employed for the confinement of girls was pronounced by the Chief Justice "not fit for a dog," "a scandal to the Poor-law administration," and he added it was "abominable" that girls should be locked up in such fetid air. Pretty strong language that from the serene atmosphere of the Bench, and pretty sweeping, including as it does in its censure every one, from the President of the Poor Law Board down to the taskmaster who pleads guilty to knocking a woman about in the ordinary course of discipline. Pauperism, it is clear, is incompatible with the privilege of indulging feeling, and perhaps it is prudent to charge it with penalties where rates have such a tendency to swell. There were also ugly stories about mothers being only allowed access to the deathbeds of daughters at certain seasons, so that, if a pauper took it into her head to die out of hours, she had to start on the dark journey with such tender leavetaking as Mr. Catch or the able-bodied taskmaster could spare her. But the most serious charge was with regard to Mr. Catch testing a chimney with noxious vapour, to fetch down a girl whom he suspected to be concealed there. He invoked the aid of science and of his friend the doctor. The worthy pair adjourned to an apartment where a number of women were in bed—paupers of course have no delicacy—and proceeded to cook in the fire-place a hell-brew of chlorine gas. We abstain from reproducing some collateral incidents of this curious affair, on which the testimony produced failed to convince the jury. The Lord Chief Justice, in his summing-up, observed that "probably no serious injury was intended" to the girl, "although there was no doubt a serious impropriety, for which the Commissioners had removed the plaintiff."

Altogether, while we fully enter into the jury's feelings towards Mr. Shaen, we think they might have made more allowance for him. He has something of the knight-errant in his nature, and has put himself forward before now in matters in which we must say he had very much less concern. There was clearly some excuse, looking at them from an extra-parochial point of view, for regarding Mr. Catch's proceedings as unduly harsh. If Mr. Shaen meant to have these proceedings discussed to any purpose, it was useless confining the discussion to the family—that is to say, to the parishioners of Lambeth. The verdict of the jurymen themselves demonstrates this. It was idle appealing to the Poor Law Commissioners, for they had already tacitly expressed their opinion of Mr. Catch by assenting to his last appointment. In an impulsive hour he did what was inexcusably imprudent in a lawyer, and addressed himself to the public in the cause of humanity. An unfavourable verdict serves him perfectly right. If any meddler is to get credit by espousing the cause of the poor, if they are to be permitted common necessities and the bare decencies of existence, what, we ask, is to become of discipline and the ratepayer? The jury were of course right in principle, the summing-up of the Chief Justice notwithstanding; but then surely they might have tempered justice with mercy, and given nominal damages. They need not have paraded their sympathies with the plaintiff. As for Mr. Catch, his future is secure. It is not every day you can find an earnest man with "a natural antipathy" to the people you deliver to his care. Arguing from the past, with the sympathy of the Poor Law Board and the well-earned parochial gratitude of the Guardians, he has only to pick and choose among parochial places of profit and honour. In the meanwhile the Lambeth Guardians "deeply regret" and indignantly resent the unfavourable terms in which the Judge "felt himself justified" in speaking of the management of the fortunate paupers who enjoy the privilege of living under their protection. Both the regret and the indignation are perfectly intelligible; though perhaps the Guardians forget that there is such a thing as contempt of Court when they "do not hesitate to characterize as grossly unjust" a condemnation deliberately pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice of England.

## REVIEWS.

### M. RENAN AND ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.\*

IT is not at all surprising that every now and then we find starting up in an odd corner some fervent disciple of the eccentric German philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer. In one respect Schopenhauer has an incalculable advantage over all the other successors of Kant. His works are perfectly intelligible to any reader who can follow the English metaphysicians, and if his conclusions are startling, his reasoning can always be followed; whereas the dialectic of Hegel will make on many minds the impression that would be caused by a book of geometry in which the demonstrations were more than ordinarily complicated, and the axioms anything but self-evident. He has also this peculiarity in common with our own philosophers, that he does not speak as the occupant of a professorial chair, whereas Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel might almost be regarded as successive hierarchs of a metaphysical church which exercised a despotic influence on minds incapable of original thought. A glance at the works of some of the inferior Hegelians, for instance, will convince any impartial reader that the writers have accepted the logic of the Master with a faith as implicit as that which the humblest and least speculative Christian accords to the Athanasian Creed. Even the Atheism in which Schopenhauer settles down, and which he scorns to confound with Pantheism, is of a kind less offensive than that which results from the system of Materialists, inasmuch as it is accompanied by a profound belief in certain important doctrines of Christianity, and is virtually a form of mysticism called by an ugly name. However, it is evident that although Schopenhauer's system, proceeding directly from Kant, culminated in the mysticism of Buddha, he was no mystic himself, and that although he preached a Nirwana as the ultimate goal to which all aspirations should tend, he never participated in its enjoyments. Profound speculator as he is, he never ceases to be a thorough man of the world; and when he states his political views, he greatly reminds one of Thomas Hobbes, opposed as he is to the democratic tendencies of the age.

M. de Balche, a Russian subject, employed in some diplomatic capacity at Odessa, professes himself a disciple of Schopenhauer, and during the present year, evidently before the commencement of the war, he determined to have a tilt with M. Renan. Schopenhauer, in his Frankfurt residence, boasted that he was not a philosopher by profession, but a disinterested lover of science, whereas, in his opinion, the intellectual autocrats of Berlin and Jena devised metaphysical theories as an article of trade, and were speculative more in the sense which the word bears when applied to the operations of the Stock Exchange than when predicated of Plotinus. M. Renan is a thinker by profession, and has moreover dared to write in favour of the French Revolution. M. de Balche is a man of business, who devotes his leisure hours to the study of Schopenhauer, and hates the French Revolution

to the bottom of his heart. Had M. Renan read his Schopenhauer like a good boy, he would have refrained from appealing to those worst vices of the French character, vanity and envy. However, the chief culprit who is to be judged according to the code of Arthur is not M. Renan, but the Emperor Napoleon III., who is weighed in the balance and found wanting, and of whom M. de Balche predicts that, if ever he falls, the whole of Europe will shout, "A good riddance!" (*Bon débarras!*)

The extracts from the writings of Schopenhauer which fill more than half this little book are from a treatise on politics and jurisprudence, and, whatever may be the opinion as to the doctrines inculcated, they derive no little piquancy from their harsh contrast with the democratic commonplaces which of late years have formed themselves into an atmosphere of fallacy. Here is a man who is perhaps somewhat of a curmudgeon, but who at least flatters nobody, not even the ladies or the mob.

Right, according to Schopenhauer, only admits a negative definition. Everybody has a right to everything that does not injure another, and, however partially nature may distribute power among men, their rights remain the same, inasmuch as all of them wish to live. This proposition, however, is only to be applied to man considered as man, without further distinction. The number and quality of the acquisitions of each individual are measured by his power, and to these the law of equality does not extend. Those who excel in courage or intelligence increase, by action, the sphere of their rights and the number of objects which these comprehend. A State mainly exists for the establishment of general safety, having been created to defend the entire community against external enemies, and the individual citizen against the violence of his fellows. Had there been no fear of human injustice or violence, an association might indeed have been formed to repress the incursions of wild beasts, or to resist the fury of the elements, but such an institution could scarcely be called a State in the accepted sense of the word. If we clearly look at matters from this stand-point, we shall raise ourselves above the platitudes of those Utopian dreamers who regard the State as the grand aim of human existence. If justice reigned in the world, everybody might live peaceably in the house which he had built, and there would be no occasion for a State at all. Such, however, is not the case. As the herbivorous fall a prey to the carnivorous animals, so are the honest cultivators of the soil, who have acquired property by dint of hard labour, exposed to the attacks of hordes of brigands who, liking anything better than work, risk their lives to plunder the industrious. These are of course the conquerors who, in modern times at least, are so ashamed of their proceedings that, when they undertake a war, they proclaim aloud that self-defence is their only object, however offensive their aggression may appear. *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri tu facies*, is their unchristian maxim. If you do not wish to be oppressed yourself, attack your neighbour while he is weak, or you may lose a golden opportunity not to be recalled, and even wrong your descendants. According to this doctrine every State looks upon every other State as a nest of robbers ready to commence their work whenever occasion offers.

Poverty and slavery are but two names for one thing, each implying that a man employs the greater part of his forces for the benefit of another, without deriving a sufficiency of advantage for himself. Nature, so thinks Schopenhauer, has endowed each individual with that measure of force which will enable him, with a moderate degree of effort, to wrench a subsistence from the soil, those who are exempt from this limit forming an insignificant minority. The total burden of toil is not to be diminished; and whenever one portion of mankind is relieved from the necessity of labour, the hardships of the other portion are increased. Even those workmen who fabricate articles of luxury may be regarded as labourers withdrawn from the cultivation of the soil, to the detriment of those who remain in their pristine condition; and the same may be said of the seamen and builders of merchant-ships, intended to bring delicacies from foreign lands.

The reader unacquainted with Schopenhauer will be disposed to imagine that he thus forcibly propounds a doctrine often propounded before by way of introduction to some grand Communistic scheme, and that he intends not only to call a spade a spade, but to urge the expediency of putting one of those useful implements into the hands of every human creature. Indeed, when the philosopher winds up this portion of his discourse by the declaration that the abolition of luxury would be apparently the most efficacious panacea for human woe, an advocacy of dirty equality might be expected as a matter of course. Expectations are, however, most oddly deceived. This seeming lament over the unequal distribution of labour is what, in the slang of the day, is termed a "sell." No one ever sympathized less with the tillers of the soil than Arthur Schopenhauer. The privileged classes alone claim his admiration. What mankind has lost in muscular power it has gained in intelligence. Without idle hands there can be no active heads, and the children of luxury have nobly repaid their debt to the world by the mere addition of material comforts. Instead of wishing that every man may take up his spade, let us hope that machinery, already so advanced, will some day be so improved that man will be released from muscular toil altogether. While the majority are occupied with rude physical labour, general civilization is impossible. In that very intelligent workman of whom we now hear so much Schopenhauer is no devout believer. The masses, whom so many love to pet, are in his eyes masses of stupidity and ignorance, who, without the judges, the military leaders, the parsons, and the doctors, selected from their betters,

\* *M. Renan et Arthur Schopenhauer. Essai de Critique.* Par Alexandre de Balche. Odessa: chez l'auteur. 1870.

would not be able to get on at all. Schopenhauer will not go so far as to assert that it is right to govern a people against its will. No. Let the sovereignty of the people be conceded, but with the proviso that the many-headed sovereign shall never come of age, but always remain under the care of guardians, in order to be kept out of mischief. To allow a people the full exercise of its rights would be dangerous, and merely render it the dupe of the swindlers called demagogues.

Voltaire's proposition that the first king was a successful soldier may be accepted, and Schopenhauer is willing to allow that the earliest monarchs merely regarded their subjects as so much material to be used for their armies, as a flock that was only kept alive for the sake of the food and clothing that it yielded. This, indeed, was in the order of things, since nature has given power not to right but to might, and the strongest therefore had his proper advantage as first occupant. If in the long run might works harmoniously with right, that is all we can reasonably desire. If the prince can honestly tell his subjects that he governs them with violence, but at the same time protects them from all violence other than his own, both from without and within, he has amply discharged his duty. The agreement of the subjects to these terms completes the contract on which the State is based. By dint of hereditary succession the ruler, who at first mainly represents brute force, becomes in time the "father of his people." Without the advantage of birth, his authority would be doubtful; but with it he is the most useful person in the State, whose services cannot be overpaid by the most exorbitant civil list.

It is of the nature of force to govern; mere right is impotent; and when we consider the amount of egotism that is fostered in nearly every human heart, how much more there is of hatred than of love, we are compelled to admit that the task of sound policy in bringing over might to the side of right is by no means easy. We can only marvel that we fare as well as we do. To force, physical force alone, does the mass of mankind accord obedience and respect; and if, with the intention of seeing how the social machine could work in the absence of all constraint, we asked people to do acts based upon reason, right, and equity, but contrary to their own interests, we should be answered by a grin of derision. In the first instance force belongs to the masses themselves, and the first problem of government is to bring it under the influence of superior intelligence. If, unfortunately, the intellects of a higher order are encumbered with bad intentions, a nation of dupes and impostors will be the result, and will last till tempered by a revolution. If justice and good intentions are on the side of intelligence, the degree of perfection possible to human institutions may be attained. But they must be rendered palatable to the popular understanding, and to a certain extent submitted to public control, while at the same time that concentration of force which is necessary to the head of the State is not to be compromised.

Here Schopenhauer becomes somewhat cloudy. Several persons, representing the public, are to have a share in the direction of force, but force itself remains with the government. In this case where is the real sovereignty? We suspect that Schopenhauer merely means that the monarch and aristocracy of intelligence, while retaining all power in their own hands, will ingeniously persuade the masses that they help to guide the political machine, and thus avoid an unnecessary shock to popular prejudice. The wisdom of the remark, made in the spirit of Montesquieu, that the statesman ought never to overlook the nature of the raw material on which he is to work—that is to say, the nation itself, with its good and bad proclivities—will be palpable to every temperate thinker, but will be regarded as foolishness by Utopians.

Nothing can be more unlike a Utopian than Schopenhauer. Even when he looks forward to that mechanical millennium when a whole world of elegant idlers will sit under the shade of indefatigable steam-engines, he hints to his readers that his hopes of the attainment of this perfection of bliss are not over-sanguine. He warns statesmen that they must only expect to narrow the field open to injustice, since the eradication of injustice itself from the heart of man is as impossible as the expulsion of nature with a pitchfork—*tamen usque recurret*. Mere right is all very well in its way, but it is of ethereal quality, and, like some of the volatile substances whereof chemistry treats, requires a basis, which basis may be conveniently compounded of the claims of birth, hereditary privilege, and so on, since it is only on a foundation of this kind that right can be brought into working order. The botanical classification of Linnæus is artificial and arbitrary, but it has an advantage over a more natural classification in its precision and stability. A dictionary in which the words were arranged in accordance with the relation to each other of the things signified would be much more philosophical than the lexicons now in use, but it would perplex the student anxious to discover the meaning of a particular verbal expression. In the same manner, though the basis of a State is avowedly artificial and arbitrary, it is not to be replaced by another; nor is it practicable to substitute the results of philosophical investigation for hereditary privilege. A Constitution which would be the pure expression of abstract right would be an admirable institution for beings of an order superior to that of men; but these are for the most part selfish, unjust, mendacious, and stupid, and by their very vices have necessitated the concentration of power in the hands of a single individual, who is placed above all law and all right, and to whom all should bow as a sovereign "by the grace of God." In addition to their other demerits, republics have this especial disadvantage, con-

trary as it may seem to their nature, that in them the better intellects have more difficulty in obtaining elevated posts, and a direct influence on political affairs, than under a monarchy. They are constantly exposed to the resistance of prejudiced, vulgar blockheads, who are the born enemies of all mental superiority, and incessantly plot against every man of real desert. A republican constitution favours the large battalion of mediocrities, who, strong in the possession of their primitive right, and forming a majority of 50 to 1 in the community, easily repress or remove those whose superior intelligence they dread. An hereditary monarch, on the other hand, desiring instruments to execute his will, naturally chooses the best heads in the nation. From a similar motive, his Ministers, themselves picked men, will encourage talent. The very organization of the human body is monarchical. The brain is the only ruler, and the heart, the lungs, the stomach, &c., necessary as they may be, are no more than subjects. If reverence for hereditary monarchy were not innate in mankind, why should millions of men submit to the government of a woman, or even a baby? The king is the *monogram* of his people, by virtue of which it becomes an individuality. Hence, in his historical plays, Shakspeare makes the different potentates address each other respectively as "France," "England," "Austria," as though each looked upon himself as the incarnation of his country. As for the Chinese, so little can they, or ever could they, conceive what a republic is, that in 1658 a Dutch embassy to the Celestial Empire was forced to give the title King of Holland to the Prince of Orange, as the Chinese would otherwise have regarded the nation as a band of pirates without even a chief. The republics of antiquity included a large majority of slaves in the population, and moreover proved much less durable than the ancient monarchies. It may, indeed, be laid down as a general maxim, that republics are easy to found and hard to keep. Few ordinary politicians will be inclined to accept the Assyrians, Persians, and Chinese as instructors in statecraft, but Schopenhauer's facility of illustration will remind many readers of the controversialists that flourished among us in the sixteenth century.

When he speaks of an hereditary monarch Schopenhauer has not in view a king "qui règne et ne gouverne pas," and it is only under protest that he admires constitutional sovereigns, whom he compares to the gods of Epicurus, inhabiting their celestial homes untroubled by the affairs of men. Constitutional monarchy may do very well for England, where ancient institutions were gradually produced by the force of circumstances, and a practical knowledge of life which adapted them to the national character, and where the people cling to those institutions with a tenacity which, though laudable, almost becomes ridiculous. When the princelings of Fatherland attempt to parody the British Constitution, their people (personified as the "German Michael") are merely following the precepts of their schoolmaster, considering that the English coat is "your only wear," although they carry it but clumsily. Germany, if she would avoid the fate of Italy, ought to revive, with full powers, the Imperial dignity, abolished by her sworn enemy the First Napoleon, who, following the course adopted by Otto the Great with regard to Italy, favoured the existence of small independent States from which he had nothing to fear. It will be borne in mind that Schopenhauer wrote while the idea of German unity only pointed to a remote future, and while it was still doubtful whether the dream, if ever realized at all, would be realized by Austria or by Prussia.

Among the evils arising from the adjustment of the English coat to the German back may be enumerated Trial by Jury, an institution which dates from the most barbarous period of English history. Of all courts of law, that in which the verdict is given by a jury is, in Schopenhauer's opinion, the worst, inasmuch as the scales of justice are there held, not by educated and experienced judges who have been trained by daily practice to detect the schemes of rogues and murderers, but by ordinary tradesmen who know nothing of such matters. These tailors and glovers (it is Schopenhauer who selects these respectable sections of the shopkeeping class)—narrow-minded, gross, incapable of sustained attention, and often during the trial thinking of nothing but the affairs of their own shop—are called upon to disentangle the tissue of lies offered for their examination. Not being able to discover the difference between apparent and real truth, they commonly abandon themselves, in this befogged condition, to a sort of calculus of probabilities, according to which they pronounce a verdict involving the life or death of their neighbour. The advocates of the institution rely on the impartiality of this *malignum vulgus*; than which reliance nothing can be more absurd. In the case of political offences, the folly of referring to the decision of a jury can only be compared with that of entrusting a purse to the greatest thief, since at every time and in every place there is sure to be a number of complaints against the government and the laws, and these will be accused of inflicting all the miseries which are in truth inseparable from human nature, and are the consequence of original sin. This illusion has chiefly been turned to account by the demagogues, who, being enemies to Christianity, are necessarily optimists, and who, thus having no goal beyond the present world, are bound to declare that in its origin it is admirably organized. This world being in itself, as they pretend, the abode of bliss, the patent miseries with which it abounds must be ascribed to some one, and we learn that if governments did their duty earth would be transformed into a Paradise, where everybody could eat and drink, increase and multiply, without care or trouble. Hence all

that nonsense about the "Absolute End," the "enormous progress of humanity," and so on.

Hereditary nobility is useful in two respects. It serves to uphold the right of property, inasmuch as the greater part of property goes by inheritance, and those who have anything to lose ought rather to advocate than oppose the claims of birth. It likewise supports the hereditary right of the sovereign, for the king, being the first gentleman in the land, will regard every noble as an humble relation, and will naturally place more confidence in the descendants of those who were of old the nearest attendants on his ancestors than in a mere bourgeois.

Schopenhauer rarely omits an opportunity of showing the world that he is a confirmed misogynist. In the treatise now before us he proclaims his opinion that the individual woman, like the people *en masse*, ought always to be considered a minor, and remain under the guardianship of her father, of her husband, of her son, or, in default of these, of the State. Women should never be allowed the control of property which they have not acquired, and it is pernicious folly for a man to leave in his wife's hands the patrimony of his children. In a court of law the testimony of a female witness should have less weight than that of a man, since not only is the fairer sex more liberally endowed with mendacity than the rougher, but women have brought the art of seeming to be sincere to a perfection which men cannot hope to attain. What would Mr. Mill say to this?

Avowed infidelity is usually accompanied by an advocacy of toleration, and it might be expected that Schopenhauer, assuredly not a believer in any positive system of theology, although he sympathizes with certain Christian doctrines, would have been in favour of religious equality. But liberalism in any shape is foreign to the nature of Schopenhauer, and when he comes to the Jews he declares that they ought to have no share in the legislation of a European State, since virtually they always remain Asiatics. While waiting for the promised return to the land of Abraham, the Hebrews, deriving a parasitical subsistence from the toil of others, ever display a love for their own nation, a patriotism *sine patria*, which overbalances all feelings towards the country in which they may happen to be placed. Their religion is with them a secondary consideration, in short little more than a flag round which they may rally. Hence a baptized Jew is not persecuted by his former co-religionists after the manner in which apostates are commonly treated, but is still regarded as a brother by all but a few fanatics. So much less is Judaism a religion than a feeling of nationality.

In applying the philosophy which he teaches through the medium of translation to the state of things that existed shortly before the war, M. de Balche writes with much of that vigour and that uncompromising spirit which belonged to his teacher. Not being an hereditary monarch, Napoleon III. was more strictly bound by the social compact than a born sovereign. With the terms of that compact he did not comply, *ergo*—history takes up the thread where M. de Balche leaves off.

#### THE EARTHLY PARADISE.\*

WHETHER the spell of Mr. Morris's revival of the *gestour's* art amongst us consists in its reaction against the subjectivity so much in favour with modern schools of poetry, or in the appeal it makes to the hearts of a new generation which, as any one with much experience of the tastes of our young men and maidens must testify, has a decided penchant for story-weaving and story-reading; of this we are sure, that few readers will close the last portion of the *Earthly Paradise* without a sincere sigh of regret. Not that the sigh need be drawn too soon. There is a feast in store first, and, thanks to Mr. Morris's catering, one which ought to last, if husbanded well, right over the long winter nights and through the holiday season. It is a feast as varied, too, as any which this modern disciple in the school of Chaucer has yet set before his public. Once more we join a circle wherein the chief figures are those old North-country wanderers at fault in their vain quest of the mediæval craze, a terrestrial paradise; and their courteous, Greek-descended, West-country hosts, who cap tale with tale, and, in the present volume, wear the long winter out, and await the earliest tokens of spring, in cheery efforts to chase from their guests the depression of blighted hopes, and of prospects less changeful than the face of outside nature. Once more we listen to three classic legends, told not in the brief, glance-like style of ancient poetry, but with the detail and circumstance dear to antiquary and scholiast. We have the "Golden Apples"—a meet tale for the hosts to tell and the guests to hear—of the fabled Hesperides, and the guardian serpent slain by Hercules; and a story, in two parts, anent that "blameless" hero of antiquity, that classic counterpart of the Patriarch Joseph, Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus. In requital for these the wanderers tell three Norse tales—"The Fostering of Aslaug" (to our thinking the gem of this volume, though not to be compared for striking interest to the "Lovers of Gudrun," in Part III.), a tale of Northern mythology of which the germ may be found in the first volume of Thorpe's collection (pp. 109-113); "The Ring given to Venus," a quaint, weird tale, to be found at length in the *Scotichronicon* of Fordun; and "The Hill of Venus," a poetical embodiment of the widespread myth of the

Venusberg or Horselburg, which is connected with the names of Tannhäuser and Pope Urban IV., and about which, as well as the tale of the Ring, full notice may be found in the first volume of Mr. Baring-Gould's curious *Myths of the Middle Ages*.

Of the Norse tales—indeed of all the tales in the present volume—none is so memorable as "The Fostering of Aslaug." When all goes wrong with her parents, this infant pledge of the love of Sigurd and Brynhild is taken up by Heimir, her mother's foster-sire, a grey old hero, who shapes a huge harp, in the hollow of which he conceals and carries her, his aim being,

To earn  
His rest by reaching Atli's land;  
For surely 'neath his mighty hand  
Safe from the Niblungs shall she be,  
Safe from the forge of misery,  
Grimhild the Wise-wife.

But, at a seaward-looking hut where they take shelter, an old crone and her mate, spying signs of rank and mystery in Heimir, murder him in his sleep, break open the harp case, and finding Aslaug, rear the little creature to be a drudge, whom they christen "Crow," and fully believe to be dumb. To the age of sweet seventeen she bears the cuffs and buffets of her hateful mistress in self-imposed silence, gladdening all around her as she goes forth goat-tending in the spring-tide. Here is her picture:—

Strange and rare  
The sight was of her golden head,  
So good, uncoifed, unchapleted,  
Above her sordid dark array,  
That over her fair body lay  
As dark clouds on a lilled hill.  
The wild things well might gaze their fill,  
As through the wind-flowers brushed her feet,  
As her lips smiled when those did meet  
The lush-cold blue-bells, or were set  
Light on the pale dog-violet  
Late April bears: the red-throat jay  
Screamed not for nought, as on her way  
She went, light-laughing at some thought;  
If the dove moaned, 'twas not for nought,  
Since she was gone too soon from him,  
And e'en the sight he had was dim  
For the thick budding twigs.

So fair a blossom could not blush unseen. One day, after a stolen bath while she was a goat-feeding, Aslaug descries a long ship in the bay, and on reaching the hut, finds sailors there, who are so entranced with her beauty that the baking in which they are engaged miscarries, and they plead "Aslaug" as their brilliant excuse to their master on return to the ship. He is none other than the King Ragnar Lodbrog, who speedily bids this marvellous beauty to his ship. Ashamed of her vile attire, she finds a natural cloak for it:—

Then, while her cheek still burned like fire,  
She set hand to her hair of gold  
Until its many ripples rolled  
All over her, and no great queen  
Was e'er more gloriously beseen;  
And thus she went upon her way.

What wonder if she made instant conquest of the widower King, albeit he was vowed to some warlike enterprise, and constrained to let her bide a year more at her childhood's home. At the end of that period he sends to claim her, at the hand of her mistress, through messengers laden with gold and gems and precious queenly gear, wherewith to deck their queen and his. To the amazement of the guilt-stricken cottagers she finds a voice to welcome the seamen, but, taking no vengeance on her covetous persecutors, she bids the bearers leave her presents for their use, herself contented with the hero's love, to whom she is at once wedded with the manifest approval of her glorified parents, betokened in the dreams which bless the nuptial slumber. Such is a faint sketch of this beautiful story, which is throughout thick-set with gems of poetical description. The picture of Aslaug bathing is almost perfect, and Heimir, the old hero's, last look out upon the scenes of earth before he enters the barn where death comes upon him is depicted with a wonderful force of pathos.

The characteristic of this and the rest of the tales of the *Earthly Paradise* is that in the main they are told "right on" without much art, or aim at surprises and effects. It is the *gestour's* business to shut his eyes to the possible danger of prolixity. And yet, if we examine the stories which compose the volume before us, we shall find that few of them are without proofs of tact, skill, and artifice of construction, which, while not allowed to show too prominently, yet contribute no inconsiderable help to the effect of the whole. Thus in the "Golden Apples," a poem not otherwise calling for much notice, expectation is heightened by the maintenance, until well-nigh the end, of the secret of Hercules's companion—the "Shepherd of the Shore"—who turns out to be the shift-loving Nereus. In "Bellerophon at Argos," a very fine poem as a whole, it is a subtle thought of the poet to represent Proetus as exhausting every means to dispel his suppliant's gloom—nay, even betraying impatience, and mistrust of ill to himself, from Bellerophon's seeming sullenness—before he resorts to that source of peril to his guest and himself, the women's court, and the royal bower

Where first he saw the queen raised high above  
The ordered tresses of that close of love.

Again, in the treatment of Sthenoboea's last and most pressing solicitation of Bellerophon's chastity, the poet has shown true tact in conforming to the spirit of Horace's principle "*Ne coram*

\* *The Earthly Paradise*. A Poem. By William Morris, Author of the "Life and Death of Jason." Part IV. London: F. S. Ellis. 1870.

populo." The narrative of the 39th chapter of Genesis may be circumstantial, but it is scarcely artistic. What befell between the Queen's bidding of Bellerophon to her bower and his passing out as described to the King in p. 145 is left to be inferred from the hero's troubled brow, his unexplained absence, and the guilty Sthenobea's distraught manner and garbled lying calumny. Had the same reticence been applied to the hymn, in pp. 381-3, of the "Hill of Venus," which is too full of "fine limbs" and "quivering thighs," and other sensual expressions, to escape the charge of Swinburnianism, our author might have pointed to this volume as an answer to one of the few faults which his depreciators have to find with him—a tendency to make his portrayals of beauty somewhat too much "of the earth, earthy." But indeed the treatment of the story of Bellerophon atones for much; and it was, we imagine, with an intent to relieve the unpleasant impression of the character of Sthenobea, that in the companion poem of "Bellerophon in Lycia," Philonoe, the maiden daughter of Jobates, and the good genius of Bellerophon, is described as in all save beauty the very opposite of Sthenobea, her erring sister. When on the morning of her hero's triumph over the Amazons, Philonoe goes forth at daybreak, we get a slight sketch of her from our poet, which assures us that it is not without design that he has built this perfect contrast, for which he has a shred of warranty in Apollodorus, Book II. c. iii. § 3, and a scholiast on Lycophon:—

Then she alone her fair attire did on,  
And mid the sleepers went her way alone  
Into the garden, and from flower to flower  
Passed, making sweeter even that sweet hour;  
And as by soft folds of her fluttering gown  
Her body's fairness was both hid and shown,  
E'en so in simplicity her soul indeed  
Lay, not drawn back, but veiled beneath the weed  
Of earthly beauty, that the Gods had lent  
Till they through years should work out their intent.

There are in the other poems lesser traits of artistic skill lurking behind the purely narrative recital of the story-teller. In the "Hill of Venus" there is a skilful introduction of "the noted lovers of old time" passing in review before Walter and the evil spirit who detains him in insensate abandonment—a troop of love-renowned and love-lorn classic figures, who, whatever their hap of old, conspire "to praise with eager words the Queen of Love"; a troop, too, whose objectless unreality contrasts well with the array of pilgrims on the road to Rome, which we meet afterwards in the same story, under the constraint of the great fear "that did oppress

Men's hearts that tide, that the world's life, grown less  
Through time's unnoted lapse, this thousandth year  
Since Christ was born, unto its end drew near.

This famous story is told with much graphic power; but less known and even more powerful in its highly-wrought details is that of the "Ring given to Venus," which begins with the rejoicings and sports of a nuptial day, and ends with the bridegroom's lonesome vigil on a blasted heath near the sea—a counterpart, in its associations, of the site of the buried Cities of the Plain. In thoughtless sport the bridegroom had placed his spousal ring on a golden statue of Venus, and, seeking to recover it, after joining in the games, found to his horror the finger of the image crooked, and the ring immovable. In this poem, too, there is great force of contrast betwixt the fore part and the after part. Exquisite pictures of a crowd of wedding guests, each group following the bent of their holiday-keeping inclination, may be imagined from a single sample:—

There others on the daisies lay  
Above the moat, and watched their quill  
Make circles in the water still;  
Or laughed to see the damsel hold  
Her dainty skirt enwrought with gold  
Back from the flapping tench's tail,  
Or to his close-set dusky mail,  
With gentle force brought laughingly  
The shrinking finger-tip anigh.

But anon the scene changes. It is darkness on a barren moor. One lone figure of earth wrestles with a temptation for which his luxurious antecedents have ill prepared him; wrestles, however, and in the end triumphs. If any modern reader craves for sensation in these Chaucerian tales, we commend him to the account of the fearful shapes and sights which in vain tempt Laurence, the bridegroom, to look back and be lost, and which precede that Prince of the Powers of Evil whom the scroll and message of the priest Palumbus work upon to force his assistant spirit of guile to surrender at last the spousal ring. This mighty King's appearance is finely described:—

On a red horse he rode; his face  
Gave no more hope of any grace  
Than through the blackness of the night  
The swift-descending lightning might;  
And yet therein great joy indeed  
The brightness of his eyes did feed;  
A joy as of the leaping fire  
Over the house-roof rising higher  
To greet the noon-sun, when the glave  
Forbids all folk to help or save!

We have italicized the last lines to draw attention to a simile which is, in its vigour and bold expression, a fair sample of many more to be met with in Mr. Morris's pages. With all the prolixity which here and there he claims as a sacred right of his form of poetry, there is no one who can match him in

exquisite statuettes and charming vignettes, so to speak. In proof of his skill as to the former, listen to

The splashing of a fountain, where a maid  
With one hand lightly on a brass deer laid,  
One clasped about her own foot, knelt to watch  
Her brazen jar the tinkling water catch.

For his taste in designing the latter, note the bower wherein Bellerophon was entertained, a bower

That looking westward lay,  
Yet was by trellised roses shaded so  
That little of the hot sun did it know  
But what the lime-trees' honey-sweet scent told,  
And their wide wind-stirred leaves, turned into gold  
Against the bright rays of the afternoon.

A wonderful blending of light and shade is to be found in the description of a coming thunderstorm in p. 371.

But we are constrained to make an end, and must refrain from quoting such fine bits of description as "Bellerophon's purification" (p. 106), Sthenobea's death (p. 174), the earle's description of the Chimera in p. 300, and the stanzas (p. 393) in the "Hill of Venus" which represent Walter's yearning after an assurance of the last-ness of his love-dream, and the guileful Queen's manner of making him forget his unsatisfied doubt. These and many other passages take captive the fancy and the judgment, and disincline us to direct our pen to the assailable points in the joints of Mr. Morris's harness—namely, his occasional undisguised appeals to the sensual instinct, and his frequent contemplation of death as the end and consummation of all things. The language of "L'Envoi" is susceptible perhaps of the gloss that it is for his book, not for humanity, that the poet dreads and contemplates "an empty day"; but there are other passages breathing a spirit of unmistakable scepticism. Purged of these, the *Earthly Paradise* would stand alone in our day in its peculiar kind of excellence.

#### MAGUIRE ON THE TEMPORAL POWER.\*

THIS book is the third edition of a work published thirteen years ago under the title of *Rome and its Ruler*, and its appearance at the present moment is intended as an appeal to public opinion against the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Papacy. The principal addition in this new issue consists of two rather irrelevant chapters on the Vatican Council and its decrees, which had better have been omitted, as they only serve to display the writer's very slender acquaintance with the facts, and his total unacquaintance with the theological bearings of the controversy. On that subject, however, we have had occasion to speak so often and so fully that we need not recur to it here. The three chapters first introduced into the second edition, and to which Mr. Maguire again directs our special attention, may be said to contain the main summary of his argument. They are devoted to the Cardinals, the Roman Inquisition, and the Temporal Power; the latter giving the positive evidence in favour of that institution, while the two former contain replies to certain popular objections. We have read them carefully, and we rise from the perusal with the same feeling of hopeless disappointment which nearly all the literature on that side of the question suggests, and which the tone of the speakers at the recent meeting convened by Archbishop Manning at St. James's Hall certainly does not tend to dispel; there is so much that is reasonable and perfectly true in what is said, and so little connexion between the premises of fact and the theoretical conclusion which is based on them. If Mr. Maguire's object was to answer Garibaldi's *Rule of the Monk*, no demolition could be more complete, only that it would be lost labour to deal seriously with the delirious ravings of a romance which would be credited by nobody who was at all likely to take the trouble of examining the alleged grounds of the indictment. Those who denounce the Temporal Power because the Cardinals are a swarm of idle and luxurious drones whose immoralities are only equalled by their tyranny and pride, or because the galleries of the Roman Inquisition still resound with the shrieks of tortured victims while its dungeons are paved with the relics of their charred bones, may fairly be consigned to the tender mercies of Dr. Cumming. But when the moderate incomes and splendid virtues of the Sacred College have been exalted to the uttermost, and the discipline of the Holy Office reduced within the narrowest boundaries, nothing has been done to show that an ecclesiastical Government is in itself desirable, or that its maintenance is legitimate in defiance of the wishes of its subjects. So far as he is argumentative, Mr. Maguire is generally either engaged in fighting a man of straw, or is elaborately demonstrating what all candid historians will at once be ready to admit. What he fails to show is that the refutation of particular, and generally frivolous, charges is equivalent to a proof that no charges are capable of being substantiated, or that historical services in the past can confer inalienable rights for all time.

The following passage, which sums up the chapter on the Temporal Power, betrays a confusion of thought which appears to be almost universal among its champions. There may be grave practical inconvenience in the Pope's being merely the subject of a particular civil government, like the Archbishops of Paris or Vienna, but it by no means follows that he need himself be a reigning sovereign with a certain territorial jurisdiction, still less that he need

\* Pontificate of Pius IX. By J. F. Maguire, M.P. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

be the ruler of the Roman States. If the dignity and *status* of a sovereign were secured to him, according to the present programme of the Italian Government, or if some island in the Mediterranean were handed over to him, as others have suggested, the difficulty raised by Mr. Maguire, which we do not deny to be a real one, would be equally provided against. His failure to observe this distinction invalidates the force of his reasoning:—

It must be clear to the reader, even without the light thrown upon this subject by the opinions already quoted, that it is for the advantage of religion that the Pope should remain what his predecessors have been for a thousand years—a temporal sovereign, recognised as such, acting as such, and dealing with other sovereigns as such. Being himself an independent sovereign, and not the vassal or subject of any Power on earth, his ambassadors can represent him, in his double capacity, in the principal Courts, and protect and promote the interests of the Church in all those countries to which they are accredited. As the subject of another sovereign, the Pope would have as little right to send his representative to Madrid or Vienna as would the Archbishop of Paris; but as a temporal sovereign, the Pope deals with other sovereigns as an equal; and as temporal sovereign and Supreme Pontiff, he combines a twofold authority, the one supporting and enhancing the dignity of the other.

And there is the same fallacy in his historical argument for the civil primacy of the Holy See, which vitiates so much of the Ultramontane pleading for its absolute spiritual supremacy. It may be quite true that the Popes originally acquired their temporal power in great measure because they had deserved it; and that during the stormy period of the middle ages its exercise must be regarded as a providential disposition for the benefit of European society. But this no more proves that it is justifiable or beneficial now, still less that it is obligatory, than it follows from a recognition of the undoubted services of Charlemagne to the cause of civilization that the First Napoleon was justified in aspiring to universal empire. Those who look upon the Papacy, whether in its civil or ecclesiastical capacity, as simply a gigantic corruption of primitive Christianity, or a hideous triumph of selfish despotism, are beyond the reach of sober argument altogether. But those who, confining their attention to the brighter side of its former history, jump to the conclusion that the temporal rule of the Popes is the one palladium of liberty and civilization, and is therefore a perpetual necessity for the Christian society of the world, are scarcely less oblivious of the logic both of theory and of fact. Nor is it true, as Dr. Manning urges in a rhetorical passage quoted here, that because some forty-five Popes have been driven out of Rome, or have never been able to enter it, Pius IX. or his successors may be expected to recover the sceptre wrested from their grasp, unless the cases can be shown to be parallel, whereas they are widely different. Nothing is more apt to mislead than historical analogies, and Dr. Manning has always been remarkable for his fatal facility in adapting them to his successive phases of belief. He argued in an Oxford sermon against the divine claims of the Roman Pontificate from the failure of the Gunpowder Plot and the triumph of William III. over James II., and he has subsequently discovered in the same course of events a precisely opposite lesson.

Mr. Maguire's chapter on the Cardinals is a fair gauge of his faculty of critical discrimination. The popular Protestant notion of a Cardinal, as a pampered Churchman rolling in wealth and, as the old song says of the Popes, "leading a jolly life," if not something worse, may be ludicrous enough. But half-a-dozen pages of fulsome adulation of the intellectual and moral pre-eminence of Cardinal Barnabo—who is no doubt an excellent person, but the very incarnation of red-tapeism—does not raise one's confidence in the writer's judgment. And the following story, which is told to the Cardinal's credit, gives us rather an unpleasant impression of the sort of meddlesome espionage which forms so conspicuous a feature in the whole system of clerical government at Rome, and has contributed so much to its unpopularity. It would be thought rather strange if Mr. Gladstone were to cross-question a gentleman casually presented to him, "with an air and manner very far from friendly," about an anonymous letter ascribed to him in the *Times* or *Standard* against some member or supporter of the Ministry. Mr. Maguire should know that it is precisely this kind of thing, carried to an unprecedented length at Rome of late years, and especially in connexion with the Council, which has done so much to discredit the rule, and even to damage the personal reputation, of Pío Nono. He tells the tale, however (which was related to him by a missionary bishop present at the Council), as a striking illustration of Cardinal Barnabo's powers of memory:—

Some years before, the bishop had business at the Propaganda, to which he proceeded, accompanied by a clergyman. They were at once received by the Cardinal, who was always to be found at his post. After friendly greetings had been exchanged between the Cardinal and the bishop, the latter said: "Allow me, your Eminence, to present to you the Rev. Mr. Blank, of So and So." "What! are you Mr. Blank?" inquired the Cardinal, with an air and manner very far from friendly. "I am," said the priest, who was becoming rather uneasy. "Did you, Sir, read such a letter, published in such a paper, of such a date?" inquired the Cardinal. "I did," replied the priest, still more uneasy. "Were you not the writer of that letter? and did it not reflect unjustly on a brother in the ministry?" urged the Cardinal, with an impetuosity of manner that admitted of no evasion. The priest admitted that such was the case, and expressed his regret at the circumstance; but it was not until after some moments, and an explanation that put the matter in a better aspect for the priest, that the indignant fire subsided in the quick eye of the Prefect of the Propaganda, and he was restored to his usual air of friendly bonhomie.

That the Cardinals are not overpaid, and often are overworked, is, we believe, quite true. At all events Dr. Wolff's account, derived from his own experience, when a student in a Roman College, tallies in this respect with Mr. Maguire's. It is of course another

question whether dignitaries charged with so vast a variety of ecclesiastical business should also be burdened with the duties of civil administration, and many Roman Catholics have inquired further, whether it is for the benefit of the Church that all her more important affairs should be managed by a central bureaucracy at Rome, instead of being settled by the local authorities on the spot. To such questions, if indeed they ever occurred to him, the author naturally omits to give any reply.

The chapter on the Inquisition is even more unsatisfactory, than that on the Cardinals. The author seems to think he has answered all objections by showing that no capital sentences are ever pronounced by that tribunal, and that the severest penalty it now inflicts, imprisonment for life, is reserved for rare cases of peculiar enormity. It may be granted that, taking Mr. Maguire's account of the proceedings, and assuming the principle, which is of course rejected in all modern legislation, that religious and moral offences are a proper subject of criminal jurisdiction, the present administration of the Holy Office at Rome is not immoderately severe. But it is nevertheless true that it was very severe formerly, though it fell short of the cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition, and that the whole system, in its extremest and most iniquitous details, emanated from exclusively Papal authority. It is grown mild now because it is grown decrepit. Whether or not the following curious story is true we are unable to say. If it is, it certainly reflects no credit on the Republicans of 1848. It would be well for the credit of the Church and of humanity if all similar charges could be as easily disposed of:—

As might have been expected, the Republicans understood the value of the "capital" which, by judicious management and ingenious artifice, might be made out of the Inquisition. It was useful to exhibit to the liberated Romans, so long the victims of "priestcraft," something of the secret working of the tyranny under which they had groaned, and would have still continued to groan, were it not for their glorious revolution! Accordingly, a pretty little dramatic spectacle was contrived for the occasion, and exhibited with brilliant success. A trap-door was improvised in one of the chambers of the Holy Office, and, in a hole, which had been purposely constructed, were placed a quantity of bones that had been dug from beneath the foundations of the wine-cellar; and then, when all had been duly prepared, the trap, the hole, the dungeon (i.e. wine-vault), and the bones, were displayed to a credulous and awe-struck populace—and Protestant Europe hailed the horrifying "discovery" with its ever-ready execration.

#### FRISWELL'S HONEST CRITICISM.\*

SINCE the days when the two officers of the Court of Lilliput wrote their inventory of everything they saw about *quibus flestrin*, or the great man-mountain, we do not know that anything equally audacious has been attempted till Mr. J. Hain Friswell has "honestly criticized Modern Men of Letters." The two Lilliputians had this excuse, that their task was imposed on them by a "most mighty emperor." It was no fault of theirs if they had to deal with things far above their understanding. Moreover they showed some degree of modesty in the manner in which they carried out their task, and confessed that even they were fairly puzzled by the snuff-box and the watch. Mr. Friswell's honest criticism, or we might almost call it inventory, of the great writers of whom he treats so far resembles that of the two Lilliputians that he, like them, deals with bodily peculiarities and with articles of clothing; but while they knew that they had to deal with a real *quibus flestrin*, he, overpowered with the vastness of his own honesty, moves about among the greatest writers of the age as if he were rather a Brobdingnagian looking down upon them, than a Lilliputian looking up to them. He pooch-poochs Mr. Tennyson, and tells his readers to "look at his photograph. Deep-browed but not deep-lined; bald but not grey; with his hair unkempt, &c." For a critical understanding of the Poet Laureate's works, it is no doubt a great assistance to be told that he does not comb his hair. The authors of the Lilliputian inventory noticed in like manner, as an important matter, "a sort of engine, wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head." When they had finished their task they could solemnly declare, "this is an exact inventory of what we found." Mr. Friswell also is never weary of bearing evidence to his own exactness. He knows that "the only thing valuable in this life is Truth," that "it is time to call a spade a spade," and "for competent critics to speak out firmly and fully, with an honesty which will secure attention"; and he constantly calls attention to the honesty of his criticism, or rather, may we say, to the exactness of his inventory. Nay, not only does he testify to his own honesty, but also to the honesty of others. He is full of admiration of M. Van de Weyer's "honesty as a diplomatist," and can assure his readers that Mr. Grote "seems to be a contradiction, and yet is a whole-hearted, honest, wise man." Mr. Friswell in another passage adds that Mr. Grote is "seventy-six years old, say near eighty! a long time to wait for honour." It is a long time to wait, but honour has at length come. Mr. Friswell, let us venture to say Honest Friswell, writes him a testimonial, and publishes to the world that he, in spite of apparent "contradiction," can yet answer for the honesty of the "banker-scholar." After this assurance we shall read the *History of Greece* with more confidence, and shall, when we change our bankers, entrust without misgiving our modest balance to the house in Threadneedle Street.

\* *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised.* By J. Hain Friswell, Author of "Essays on English Writers," &c. &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1870.

Our author seems to think that all the world is of the same mind as Tristram Shandy, and, so long as there is honesty, finds everything that it needs. We certainly are quite willing to allow Mr. Friswell all the honesty that even he lays claim to. When he tells us that certain correspondents of his believe him "to be a leader of thought and opinion in England," we no more doubt this statement than we do the fact that there are certain people so silly as to believe that old women in their dotage can fly above their heads on broomsticks, and can influence the health of their cows and pigs. It may be the case, as he tells us, that when Mr. Ruskin writes on political economy his "words are weighty," and that Mr. Swinburne's "chief and most high works are but mocking songs of the atheist that erst might have been sung in Sodom." Still where is the great honesty in saying this? We ourselves may entertain the belief that the potato is a palatable esculent root, and that game kept till it is too high is offensive; but we do not publish these facts to the whole world, and call it to witness at the same time to our excessive honesty. Mr. Friswell is no doubt within the bounds of truth when he tells his reader that "the friend celebrated and regretted so much in *Lu Memoriam* is Arthur H. Hallam, son of the historian," and for all we know he may be equally correct when he says of one of our poets that his "hair, which is bushy and plentiful, is of a fiery red." The former of these statements rivals, in its honesty, the startling but somewhat vulgar news that "Queen Anne is dead"; the latter has at least the piquancy of an impertinent allusion to bodily peculiarities. Mr. Friswell, however, does not seem to be aware where it is that honesty ends and impertinence begins. At all events he very frequently breaks through the thin partitions that divide them. In his preface we read, "While earnest opinions are strongly expressed, it is trusted that such expression never oversteps the bounds of good-breeding, nay, even of good-nature." Where Mr. Friswell places his bounds of good-breeding we do not pretend to know; perhaps he has fixed them after consulting some American work on Deportment. At all events he can describe one author as having hair "fiery red," another as having "hair red and after 'the pound of candles' style," a third as having "two strong lines down each side of his mouth, lost in a tufted American-like beard, which give him a look of greater ill-nature than he possesses," and so on. As for good-nature, he does condescendingly admit "Yet we all like Trollope much"; but agreeable, may even flattering, though this may be to the author of *Barchester Towers*, it will hardly compensate Mr. Harrison Ainsworth for the kind of good-nature which is meted out to him:—

Mr. Ainsworth is, we believe, as Lord Lytton is, we know, a wealthy man through this literature; but if every farthing each has received from his books, pensions and all, were a hundred-pound note, and employed in building reformatories for boy thieves, the unhappy man could not undo the evil his perverted taste, vulgar admiration, and his fatal itch of writing to pander to the savage instincts of the thief and robber, has caused, and will yet cause in years to come.

This may be all deserved, just as the unfortunate Count Patkul may have deserved to be broken on the wheel. But when in the death-warrant Charles XII. described himself as "most merciful," Patkul exclaimed "What mercy!" And so, when Mr. Friswell in his preface describes himself as good-natured, Mr. Ainsworth or Lord Lytton may well exclaim "What good-nature!" Our author truly says "that to judge fairly, you must at least be a judge. 'It is an easy thing to praise or to blame; the hard task and the virtue to do both.' This sentence has been borne in mind throughout this book." It has indeed, as Mr. George Augustus Sala will find to his mingled pain and pleasure. In one line he is described as "a writer of sound English and a scholar," but in the next as "a driveller of tipsy, high-flown, and high-falutin' nonsense." In the beginning of the essay we are told that G. A. S. (as he seems to be familiarly called) has "a merry, audacious, bold look"; but, lest this praise should be unworthy of "a judge," it is somewhat balanced by a later statement that he is "externally something like Bardolph." The *Daily Telegraph* also, or "the *D. T.*"—to which G. A. S. is attached, we are told, as a Special Correspondent—comes in for the same treatment: "It is nice to read, but after all what does it mean? You begin a dissertation on the Virgin Mary, and you find that, ere you have read three lines, there is a learned essay on the Paphian mysteries, and the wondrous rites of Venus." Mr. Friswell may yet have cause to repent his excessive honesty, for "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*" may perchance try on him their "bold buccaneering style"; and G. A. S. is, as he himself admits, "a very severe censor when he chooses." If he should chance to get attacked in the columns of our contemporary, we fear that he will find that the sympathy of those whom, regardless of aspirate, he calls *Oi polloi* will not be with him.

We have had enough of the personalities in which Mr. Friswell deals. Indeed, he himself seems at last to have got ashamed of them, for after having given a most minute and offensive description of the person of one of our poets, he finely exclaims, "Let gossips read what gossips write; and scavengers collect their heaps, of which they will find enough; we have only to deal with the books of this really fine poet." It is a pity he did not find this out a page or two sooner, before he told us that "in height this poet is about five feet six," and that he is "thin, badly dressed." As for the information this book contains, we learn among other things that, in *Barnaby Rudge*, Mr. Dickens "commenced an historical tale of the Lord George Gordon Riots." We

were under a kind of impression that he finished this story, but it would seem to be the case that he left more than one unfinished novel. We learn, moreover, that "the *Daily News*, though now existing, and honourably known for its independence, is not so successful as it deserves to be, &c." It is certainly gratifying to find that the *Daily News* is "now existing," on no less authority than that of Mr. Friswell, though we had indeed, if we are not mistaken, occasionally seen a copy or two as we walked along the streets. We learn, too, on the same great authority, that "Mr. Millais has great merit," and that Mr. Tennyson is "a 'Varsity man, as the slangy people of to-day call those educated at Oxford or Cambridge." Macaulay, we are sorry to find, has "a cock-sure and subjective style, which will, as soon as we get to be scholars, stink in our nostrils." Whether this unsavoury end will be the lot of Macaulay's style we do not profess to know. If however a style can "stink," we must admit that Mr. Friswell's style has not an agreeable odour. It is with Mr. Grote, however, that our author puts forth all his strength, and like the householder brings out of his treasures things new and old. He modestly says "We need not recommend Mr. Grote's work." Of course he need not. Honest Friswell, who claims to be heard on account of his own honesty, has already assured his reader that Mr. Grote too is honest, and has therefore all the qualifications of a literary man. Still, in case there should be those who ask for any further qualifications, he informs the world that in the *History of Greece* there are "disquisitions upon Homer, and all the poets, historians, and philosophers from Æschylus and Herodotus down to Plato and Plutarch." Plato and Plutarch sound well together, and so do Chancer and Chatham. The two latter, moreover, are not separated by quite so many years as the two former. To return however from our digression to Mr. Friswell's explorations in Mr. Grote's unknown work, he tells "the statesman" that he will find "the remarkable descriptions of the legislation of Lycurgus, the object of ostracism," &c. What is the object of ostracism—the remarkable descriptions, or the legislation, or Lycurgus himself? Leaving this to be decided by those who follow our author in his explorations, we will add that "the general reader" will find, strangely enough in a *History of Greece*, "the narrative of the war against Xerxes, the battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ," and a "hundred other episodes." Descending from these abstruse subjects, Mr. Friswell adds, "If it were worth while to dwell on trifles in this short sketch, one might applaud or object to Mr. Grote's method of nomenclature. Personally we think that he is right." This criticism, honest though it no doubt is, would carry more weight if our author had shown himself capable of copying correctly. He says that Mr. Grote "will write Socrætes." What Mr. Grote may do in a fit of obstinacy we cannot pretend to say; in his *History of Greece*, however, he does not write Socrætes but Sokratēs. In this he would seem to be wrong, for, as Mr. Friswell informs us, "the Greeks wrote" Socrætes. "So the *Latins* talk of Pompeius Magnus, while we talk of Pompey."

Our readers will have had enough of Mr. Friswell and his honesty. May we take leave of him in the words which Dr. Parr used to some equally honest young man of his time? "Sir, you have a great deal of conceit to get rid of, and when you have got rid of a great deal, you will have a great deal left."

#### TRANSACTIONS OF THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.\*

IT was a well-known taunt of Mr. Cobden that there was not a man of ordinary or polite education, as it is called, who, being challenged to point out Chicago upon the map, would be able to put down his finger within a thousand miles of the spot. The spread of general knowledge may possibly have done somewhat towards extending the familiarity of the educated public with the great emporium of pigs and breadstuffs. And even a figure indefinitely greater in the world may be in store for this precociously rich and rising capital of the Far West. The terrible strife through which the most civilized part of the Old World is now passing is chiefly important in the view of Western statesmanship, as expounded by President Grant, because it raises the demand for American pork. With a future so august it may comfort those of less material or more old-fashioned views of national advancement to be able to mingle certain hopes of growth in the intellectual and spiritual elements of wellbeing on behalf of this buoyant and flourishing community. It is therefore with feelings of gratification and hopefulness that we welcome the first fruits of a local association for strictly intellectual culture and research. The Chicago Academy of Sciences, after some delay occasioned by two fires, one of which destroyed many of the plates and the other much of the text, has sent us a goodly volume of its opening Transactions, to be followed up, we trust, by a long series of contributions worthy alike of the illimitable field of scientific enterprise lying open in the vast continent of the West, and of the spirit of fresh, acute, and untiring energy which we are wont to attribute to its people.

It was to the late Major Robert Kennicott, a naturalist of great promise, that the Chicago Academy of Sciences owes, more than to any one else, both its origin and its present prosperity. The biography and achievements of this young traveller form fittingly an article of some length in the first volume of the

\* Transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. Vol. I. Chicago: published by the Academy. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

Society's Transactions. A native of New Orleans, he had fortified a constitutionally delicate frame for the object, which had early fired his ambition, of exploring the regions towards the Pole. At the age of eighteen his studies of vertebrates, particularly of the larger birds of the district, attracted the attention of Dr. Kirtland, the Nestor of natural science in the West, under whose auspices young Kennicott was enabled to pursue a whole winter's training in natural history. Two years later he was employed, under the Illinois Central Railroad Company, in the survey undertaken for the exploration and development of the natural resources of the lands held under the Company's charter. His collections and papers went far towards setting up and enriching the Museum of the Academy, which was founded and organized by him in 1856. Shortly after, he entered upon the project of a systematic survey of British and Arctic America. Nothing to speak of had been done towards a knowledge of the zoology of those regions since the explorations of Sir John Richardson. Supplied with funds by the Smithsonian Institution, the Audubon Club of Chicago, and private friends of science, and succoured in every available way by the courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company, Kennicott started in April, 1859, by the route of Collingwood, Upper Canada, and for nearly four years pushed his researches in the district round Lake Winnipeg, the Great Slave Lake, and the Porcupine or Rat River, as far as Fort Yukon. His diaries of adventure and scientific pursuit, copious extracts from which are given in this article, are full of life and interest. Most amusing of all is what he calls his "Rubbaboo" Journal, such being the local name for any queer mixture or *olla podrida*—the word designating a kind of soup made by boiling pemmican in snow water, adding flour and, where possible, sugar. Pemmican, he premises by the way, is supposed by the benighted world outside to consist only of pounded meat and grease. He has found, from some experience of this subject, that hair, bark, sticks, spruce leaves, stones, and sand enter into the composition of the mess, especially if the meat has been pounded by Indians. He was surprised to find how fat the Esquimaux got upon this and similar articles of native diet. He never knew a lean Esquimaux. The Indians, too, both men and women, though generally thin, are in some cases fat to excess. The sufferings of the party from cold (60 degrees below zero, as our author understood) were intensified by a gale of wind which occasionally blew, coming in general from the north-east. He observed, as rather a novel piece of experience, that the cold was less severe at the tops of hills than in the valleys below. The change in twenty-four hours was often not less than 40 degrees. In the absence of more scientific thermometers he found a curious substitute in the sound produced by the breath, which he compares with "that of the crushing of a body of loose dry snow which falls from some height, as a house-roof or tree." On opening the hut-door a cloud of vapour rolled in waves along the floor towards the fire. Mercury froze in the direct rays of the sun at noon, though, from the fact of the sun being seen in January, we infer that our party had not then penetrated far within the Arctic circle. Major Kennicott's statements of the distance at which sounds are heard in the elastic atmosphere and intense stillness of the Northern regions surpass anything of the kind we have heard from the lips of Parry, Ross, or other Arctic voyagers of our own:—

Have I mentioned the great distance at which, in cold weather, we hear voices and other sounds? Especially here, on the mountains, a man's voice is heard at a very great distance. There is a steep, bad bank to rise a little over a "pipe" from here, fully six miles I should think, and several times, during cold weather, I have heard the men's voices distinctly, as they called to their dogs while they were rising this bank. Even to-night, when it was comparatively warm, Flett heard Sandy call to Nô-gah by name, while rising this same bank. Now it so happened that Sandy remembered that it was the last loud call he had given to Nô-gah until rising another bank close here; thus there can be no mistake. I did not hear this, but the other night I heard Ross call to his dog Carlo at the same place, and by going out frequently to listen, I could tell when each sled passed each of the other bad banks nearer here (but still several miles off), by the voices of the drivers and the names of the dogs. Indeed, they tell of hearing the sound of voices, and of axes in chopping, at the most wonderful distances in extreme cold. Flett says they one night heard chopping in the direction whence the Peel's River sleds come, and next morning sure enough a brigade arrived from Peel's River, and said they had camped at a place which is certainly over twenty-five miles from here! This was in intensely cold weather. Flett, whose word is reliable, also tells me he once heard the men calling to their dogs at a place two and a half long "pipes," fully thirteen miles, from here. He ascertained the exact point by the time of day, &c. Sight, as well as sound, deceives the Southerner very much here. From Fort Resolution to a point of woods across a bay in Slave Lake, the distance is, I learn, twelve miles (measured on ice by Dr. Richardson, or some other traveller), and from the Fort this, I remember, looked nearer to me than "The Grove" used to look from a point only two or three miles off. By the way, this twelve miles was by the voyageurs considered one very long "pipe," though sometimes made in two short ones when they had heavy loads. This would indicate that the average length of a "pipe," or "spell," is more than five or six miles, at which I have usually calculated it. Gaudet, and others who have voyaged a good deal there and here, tell me that the "pipes" made at Slave Lake, Fort Simpson, and Fort Liard, are much shorter than those we make here, as the "days" are also.

In the spring of 1865 Major Kennicott embarked on the survey of the Alaska and Yukon Rivers, in the service of the Overland Telegraph Company. Physical hardships, joined with the disappointment which attended this expedition, borne as they were with Spartan courage, proved too much for a frame worn out with unremitting toil and privation. He died suddenly on the bank of the Nulato River, May 13, 1866, at the early age of thirty. The collections bequeathed by him, and the valuable observations which accompany them, amongst which we learn are several

Indian vocabularies of great merit, shortly to see the light, bespeak the services rendered by him to science in the course of a career so prematurely cut short.

Dr. I. A. Lapham, of Milwaukee, contributes some brief but novel and interesting remarks upon the climate of the country bordering upon the great North American lakes, tracing the effect of those vast inland areas of fresh water in mitigating the temperature, and consequently affecting the vegetation, the products of agriculture, and even the health and comfort of the inhabitants. A new and large chapter in meteorology is here opened for consideration. Dr. Lapham's map of the Michigan district shows a remarkable deflection of the isothermal lines as they approach the lake, a body of water about three hundred miles long and fifty in average breadth. The cause of this is to be sought in the well-known property of water in large bodies by which it imparts heat more slowly to the air above in winter, and absorbs it more slowly in summer, than the adjacent land. The water varies less above or below the mean annual temperature than the land. The resulting effect is that of elevating the mean local temperature of winter and lowering that of summer. A further mitigating cause, heretofore overlooked, is the elevated mountain range extending from a little west of Lake Superior through the British possessions to the coast of Labrador. The elevation of this range north to north-west of Lake Superior is from 1,035 to 1,900 feet above the sea-level. In Labrador it is 2,240 feet. The intermediate portion, of which little is known, is said at some points to reach the limits of perpetual snow. Here then is a vast sheltering wall which in no small degree screens the lake region from the Arctic blasts of winter, as the horticulturist protects his tender plants, or the enterprising farmers on the prairies of Illinois plant trees on their northern boundary lines for the same purpose. It is the absence of this mountain system, argues Dr. Lapham, west of Lake Superior, that allows the cold winds from the Arctic regions in the winter to spread over the country west of the Mississippi River, depressing the thermometer in a very remarkable manner, on and about the 95th degree of west longitude.

Articles VII. and VIII., by J. W. Foster, LL.D., contain many new facts and observations upon the antiquity of man in North America, with remarks upon the collateral evidences supplied from Europe, Egypt, Mexico, and elsewhere. The writer has no doubt of the genuineness, as a relic of the glacial epoch, of the human skull found in the gold drift of a shaft 150 feet deep in Angelos, in Calaveras County, California, now in the collection of the State Geological Survey. Its discovery was carefully verified by Professor Whitney upon the spot. The shaft was found to pass through five successive beds of lava and volcanic tufa, beneath which were four deposits of auriferous gravel, from the lowest of which the skull was extracted. The upper bed of tufa was homogeneous, and without any crack through which a skull could have been introduced from above. The age of these gravels is referred to the Pliocene, or the age before the volcanic eruptions which cover a great part of the State, preceding that of the mastodon, elephant, and other great pachyderms. This remarkable discovery, then, if placed beyond doubt, carries back the presence of man in these regions to a period even more remote than that inferred from the stone implements in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens in the valley of the Somme, or the human skeleton in the loess of the Rhine. Since the advent of man, it would seem, the mighty volcanic peaks of the Sierra have been lifted up; the glaciers have descended into the valleys, freighted with gravels, sand, and gold-bearing rock, marking their lines of progress by the striation of the rocky surfaces, and by continuous trains of boulders. The great cañons themselves, the most striking of the physical features of the country, have in the same interval of time been excavated in the solid rock. We should have been glad had Dr. Foster given us some particulars of the measurement and other characteristics of this remarkable skull. His remarks upon the condition of the men of the primitive age in relation to arts, arms, and the usages of life, as well as those upon a set of objects of a puzzling kind from the mounds of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, deserve to be read with attention. The rest of the volume is occupied for the most part with papers upon the fossil fauna of the palæozoic rocks of the West, and the living species of birds represented in the Museum of the Academy. These are catalogued and described with great care and precision. The lithographic illustrations which accompany the text, the coloured drawings of the birds in particular, are executed in a style of art which will bear comparison with that of the best known of old-world works in this department. Altogether this latest born of scientific associations deserves our congratulations upon its first success, and our hopes for its future progress.

#### SIX MONTHS HENCE.\*

"AMID our routine life and holiday life," says the author of this novel in his first sentence, "stalk unsuspected crimes." It is easy enough, he adds, to talk about "melodrame"; but for all that there are dramas of actual life which can never be without their interest if our novels are not to be confined to stories capable of expression in "the jargon of the club or the ball-room." A story which should not be capable of expression in the jargon

\* *Six Months Hence*. Being Passages from the Life of Maria (née) Secretan. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1870.

of clubs must be a full-flavoured and terrible story indeed; but, to let that pass, we are willing enough to agree with the anonymous writer. By all means let us have a horrible murder, every now and then, served up if possible in unobjectionable language, and without too much of the raw head and bloody bones element. A good murder—in fiction—is an excellent thing; and we may venture to exclaim, in Johnson's phrase, Far from us and our friends be that frigid philosophy which has never kindled into excitement over the pages of the *Newgate Calendar* or been absorbed in such imaginary crimes as grace the pages of *Caleb Williams* or *Paul Ferroll*. The faults of sensation writers are many and great; but we would never adopt any canon of criticism which should prescribe undeviating respectability to the characters in a three-volume novel. We have quite enough of it in real life.

*Six Months Hence*, then, is a story which turns entirely upon a terrible murder. It recalls in some of its details the admirable novel of *Paul Ferroll*, to which we have just referred. A more recent case of murder committed on the same principles is to be found in the *Siren*, by Mr. Adolphus Trollope, which we reviewed a few weeks back. In all these the circumstances of the murder show that delicate attention to propriety which is characteristic of criminals in a high social position. The victim is in each case slain with due attention to surgical decencies. Instead of battered skulls and throats cut from ear to ear, we are presented with a body lying decently composed as though in sleep, the heart having been pierced at a single blow by a skilfully manipulated instrument. There is something, if we may say so, which is decidedly attractive about this form of crime. If murders must be committed—and Mr. Buckle's well-known argument proves that a certain number of persons have to be murdered as well as a certain number of letters posted without direction in every year—it is certainly agreeable to have them committed with the least possible shock to our feelings. Poison is perhaps the most generally desirable method, but there is something very workmanlike about a murder which aspires to be almost a surgical operation. In its other circumstances the crime in question recalls the celebrated Road murder. In that case, as in this, a boy of tender years was discovered lying dead in the neighbourhood of his own house, under conditions which made it very difficult to understand how he could have been disposed of without the connivance of some of the family. In both cases, too, he was the son of a second wife, and suspicion was thrown upon the step-sister. Indeed, the resemblance of the two cases is perhaps sufficient to justify the inference that the genuine case gave the first hint to the fictitious narrative. The resemblance does not, however, extend beyond the general outline of the actual operation. A long and complex series of events is contrived in order to explain the crime, and they are totally different from any of the horrible events revealed in connexion with the Road murder. The story, good or bad, is original so far as our knowledge extends; and we may add that it is developed with considerable skill. We penetrated the mystery, indeed, at a very early period; but without boasting unduly of our critical acumen, we may say with tolerable confidence that we defy any novelist to deceive us by fair means in such a case. If we could look into the hearts of all the people concerned in a tragedy of real life, so as to appreciate their true characters, we should generally be able to detect the required criminal. Now a novelist, unless he condescends to play a practical joke upon his readers, is obliged to reveal their hidden tendencies. When, for example, we are introduced to a young lady whose countenance reminds one of a primrose or a wood-anemone; whose exquisitely fair brow is often arched with lines of humour; whose face shows a bright calm intelligence, and leaves upon you the impression of rare purity and innocence, we know perfectly well that she did not run a knife into her young brother's heart. We are even apt to be indignant with the stupid magistrates who have not the advantage of looking through the author's eyes, and can only judge by prosaic evidence, when they fail to see anything more than a pretty face, and wrap themselves in sevenfold impartiality. When, again, we meet a gentleman who is the perfection of male beauty, with faultless features and eyes of intense love and tenderness, we immediately begin to suspect something wrong. Male beauty in novels is a most sinister endowment, and the fact that the lady who sees this paragon for the first time falls into a wholly unaccountable terror is scarcely needed to make us keep a stern eye upon our beautiful friend.

We will not go through a catalogue of the remaining characters, as it is not our desire to point out too distinctly the solution of the problem. Given an ingenious murder, the novelist may turn it to account in several ways. The most obvious, however, are either to construct one of the complicated puzzles in which Mr. Wilkie Collins so much delights, and to endeavour to interest us from what we may call the sagacious-detective point of view, or, which is a more elevated aim, to dwell upon the psychological phenomena for which such a murder gives ample opportunity. The author of *Six Months Hence* would seem to have aimed at both these excellences. In regard to the first, he has met with a fair degree of success. Though none but the most innocent of novel-readers will allow himself to be thrown off the scent by the rather artless devices employed for his delusion, there are other questions to be solved besides the discovery of the murderer. The excellent youth, for example, who is implicated by an ingenious bit of circumstantial evidence, is evidently in a bad way. He cannot well be hanged, for no novelist of our acquaintance would have the courage to hang an innocent youth, especially if he is a gentleman.

We should, in fact, have been prepared to insure his life at a very moderate premium, were it not that he has a very awkward dream which casts an unpleasant shadow over his career. Little as we think of such omens in real life, they are not safely to be neglected when they occur in the first volume of a novel; and we feel a strong suspicion that, in some way or other, that young gentleman is doomed to confirm a vulgar superstition. By this and certain other contrivances the interest in the story is fairly maintained, and we preserve a reasonable amount of curiosity up to the opening of that inevitable but dreary chapter where two or three subordinate comic characters insist upon making their final bow to the audience. When will novelists discover that they are not bound to provide portions for the garrulous lady's-maid, the sententious churchwarden, and the other conventional bores who have been worrying us, under pretence of providing by-play, all through the story? When the hero and heroine are finished off, the supernumeraries should shuffle off the stage as rapidly and noiselessly as possible, instead of disturbing us with an elaborate winding-up of their affairs. In this case the performance is the more irritating on account of the plan of the story. The comic intrusion of these inferior actors is specially awkward when the narrator is supposed to be just retiring in deep remorse to pass the remainder of her life in a remote Swiss valley. For the worst mischief is caused by the lady, who is induced to relate her experiences by way of an awful warning. We rather fail, it is true, to be quite properly impressed by her terrible series of confessions. A closer realism would, we think, have been more effective. Little is gained by putting a story into the mouth of one of the actors, when a large part of it not only consists of matters with which she could not possibly have been acquainted, but is related in a tone which entirely fails to harmonize with her assumed sentiments. A lady with a heavy crime on her soul does not deviate from its confession in order to relate the humours of a conversation between a country curate and his landlady, to say nothing of her not having been present. The illusion is too rudely disturbed; and, what is worse, the character of the chief actor in the story becomes perplexed. The author's intention was apparently to give a certain melancholy tone to his narrative, and to make it resemble a criminal's confession, or one of the Miss Brontës' gloomy novels. But to do this effectually, the dramatic proprieties should be scrupulously observed; the lady should be addressing us with tears in her eyes and with a broken voice; she should keep up the strain in which the opening chapters are written; and she should certainly not break off for a few paragraphs or a whole chapter to indulge in commonplace facetiousness. As it is, we fail to get any distinct conception of her character; and feel that the author himself has not conceived it with the desirable distinctness. When a story is told in the first person, the imaginary narrator should either be an indifferent spectator or the appropriate feelings should be transfused through every sentence of the narrative. A more ambitious and, in some respects, a more successful character, is a picturesque madman, who conceals his insanity from everybody but his wife, and raves and sees visions at intervals in a melodramatic but sufficiently forcible style. Those of our readers who are familiar with the scenery of Wastdale in the English lakes, may admit that Deep Ghyll in the cliffs of Scawfell supplies very appropriate scenery for a gentleman who has managed to mix himself up with an ancestor who died some two centuries before his birth. His singular performances are worked into the story with a considerable amount of skill, and, though we have met with many madmen in the course of our novel-reading, some of whom, it must be confessed, display more vigour and originality than Mr. Fortescue, he is a very fair lunatic as lunatics go. On the whole, for a good exciting story, calculated to make school-girls shudder and more cynical readers smile with a certain degree of complacency, we can recommend *Six Months Hence* without any strain upon our conscience.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### IV.

*THE Window; or, the Songs of the Wrens.* By Alfred Tennyson. The Music by A. Sullivan. (Strahan and Co.) We almost hesitate at giving to our Poet Laureate a mere paragraph in our notice of Christmas Books, but after all, if our king of poets condescends to mingle among his subjects, he cannot fairly complain of uncereemonious treatment. We would address him in the words used by the soldier at Agincourt, "Your majesty came not like yourself"; and we would go on to say, "What your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault, and not mine." We scarcely think that these songs, beautiful though many of them are, will add to Mr. Tennyson's high reputation as a song-writer. Coming from any one else, we might have found it difficult to praise them enough. Coming from the author of those exquisite gems which are scattered throughout the *Princess*, we are inclined to be unreasonable, and to feel almost disappointed. And yet when we read again and again, "The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain," or "Sun comes, Moon comes, Time slips away," we feel that if there is any one living who could write finer songs it is only one Mr. Alfred Tennyson, who lived when the world was younger and Plancus was Consul.

Pre-eminent among the illustrated gift-books of the season, both for the conscientious labour bestowed upon it and for the magni-

ficence with which it is got up, stands Mr. Elijah Walton's *Coast of Norway*. (W. H. Thompson.) We have so recently expressed our opinion of this artist's drawings and paintings of Norwegian scenery, that it is not necessary to state it again at any length. Whatever may be his position as an artist, it cannot be doubted that among the illustrators of Christmas books he should stand very high. It is a great step from Mr. Walton's highly-coloured studies of the summer midnights in the far North, to the simple and most graceful little views with which Mr. Birket Foster has illustrated the *Poems by Thomas Hood*. (Moxon.) In those remote ages when we used to find some one on whom to waste a guinea or so every Christmas, we should have been puzzled whether we should give the Post Laureate's songs with Mr. Sullivan's music, or Thomas Hood's *Poems* with Mr. Birket Foster's illustrations. Perhaps the safest course would be to give both.

*Cartoons from Punch*. By John Tenniel. Second Series. (Bradbury and Co.) We think Mr. Tenniel would do well either to republish his cartoons at shorter intervals or else to be stricter in his selection. As it is, though not a few deserve perhaps to be preserved in a more permanent shape, a great many of those which he has republished might have been left to the safe keeping of Mr. Punch. A political satirist like Mr. Tenniel cannot expect to be understood and enjoyed so long as a satirist of manners like Mr. Leach. If therefore he aims at a second publication, he should not, as Mr. Tenniel has in some cases done, let eight years slip by.

*Nonsense Songs, &c.* By Edward Lear. (R. J. Bush.) Take it altogether, this is a very comical little book, and ought to be most welcome among all young folk, almost down to the baby. We should not quite recommend, however, any one to read it at one sitting, or he might find in it a certain sameness. Opened by chance, it will always afford a laugh. The *Nonsense Botany*, to our poor judgment, is a great improvement on serious botany, and much more readily understood. We would venture to commend it to the consideration of the Senate of the University of London, as a subject for their matriculation examination.

*Waifs and Strays of Natural History*. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.) This is a very interesting and instructive little book, and we can heartily recommend it. The chapter on Beavers we found especially interesting, if we must praise one part where all are good.

*Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*. (Griffith and Farran.) The stories in this little book seem interesting enough, for when does it ever happen that the "household stories" of any people are not interesting? We cannot, however, say much for the language in which they are told. In writing of "Geeseherd's" falling asleep on a hot afternoon, after too good a dinner, it is scarcely necessary to use such fine language as "sensations of lassitude and somnolence." *Short Stories for Young People*. By Mrs. F. Marshall Ward. (Bemrose and Sons.) These are poor stories told in language that is fine and, at times, ungrammatical. The poetry of the following passage would not have been the worse if Mrs. Ward had remembered that a verb agrees with its nominative in number:—"The expiring beams of the setting sun still lingered in the west, pleasant scents diffused around from young fresh leaves and buds was fragrant in the evening breeze."

In *Patience Strong* (Routledge) and *We Girls* (Low and Co.) we have two stories of American life by Miss Whitney, the author of the *Gayworkhys*. We have not had time to read very far into either of these stories, but we read quite enough to make us wish for more. Miss Whitney is evidently gifted with a good deal of humour and a keen insight into character.

*Stories About*.—By Lady Barker. (Macmillan.) If all Lady Barker's *Stories About* are equal to her story about the monkey, her book ought to be a great favourite with little people. She writes in a pleasant, easy style, and avoids condescension.

*The Giant*. Edited by the Author of "Amy Herbert." (Longmans.) This is a story of giants, fairies, and witches, improved or spoilt by a moral that runs through it. The conclusion of the story is, that some grasping people turn into "good, generous, and benevolent manufacturers, who keep their mills open, even at a loss, rather than their workmen should starve." The giant stories we like best were written before mills were opened or morals known. In *The Fairy Book*, by the Author of "John Halifax" (Macmillan), we have the good old stories, told in the good old language. Mixed with them are some of the modern stories from Grimm and other authors. How glad we were again to come across that "belt" upon which was written in letters of gold,

This is the valiant Cornishman  
Who slew the giant Cormoran.

What is the Order of the Iron Cross compared with this?

*The Wilds of Africa*, by W. H. G. Kingston, ought to be as great a favourite as his story *In the Eastern Seas* which we have already noticed. South Africa, after all, is the real country for boys, for nowhere else can such terrific and monstrous wild animals be found. Mr. Darwin tells us in one of his works that the average weight of ten of the largest animals that range through it is 27 tons. Mr. Kingston seems to make the best of such great opportunities, and lets the adventures through which he leads his hero balance even so vast a weight. He does not indeed give us anything that quite equals what we read in Defoe. Who that has ever read *Captain Singleton* can forget the battle, in the midst of a vast desert, between the lions and the elephants? The lions were drawn up in a regular line a mile long, if we remember correctly, and the elephants faced them. Still, though

Mr. Kingston does not quite come up to this, he gives us adventures enough.

*The Young Mechanic*. A Book for Boys. (Trübner and Co.) This work will be no doubt eagerly welcomed by all boys who are fond of cutting and hammering their fingers. It is well illustrated, and, as far as we can pretend to judge, clearly written. With it by his side a boy will see clearly what is the best thing to attempt in carpentering, and what is the best way of attempting it.

*Hearts of Oak*. By W. Noel Sainsbury. (Bradbury, Evans, and Co.) This is an unpretending but interesting little book. Mr. Sainsbury—the editor of the *Colonial Calendar of State Papers*—gives us some stories of early English adventure. They are founded chiefly on "State Papers," and so will be new to old readers as well as young. We can heartily recommend it to all.

*A Parisian Family*. (Low and Co.) This is a translation, by the author of *John Halifax*, from the French of Madame Guizot de Witt. It is written, we are told, "for Girls in their Teens." The beginning is too childish for a young lady of nineteen, and the end is too sentimental for a child of thirteen.

*Tales of the Civil Wars*. By Rev. H. C. Adams. (Routledge.) Boys will find these stories not uninteresting, but if they wish for Tales of the Civil Wars they would do better to read *Woodstock*, or even Captain Marryat's *Children of the New Forest*. We notice that Mr. Adams represents the use of torture as common on the Parliamentary side, and goes a step beyond Sir Walter Scott in having a lad actually tortured with tightly-twisted whipcord; whereas in *Woodstock* this same torture is only suggested. We should be glad to know his authority for this.

From Mr. Moxon we have two handsome companion volumes, *Wordsworth's Poems* and *Longfellow's Poems*, each edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and illustrated by Mr. E. Edwards. Mr. Rossetti does not, like most editors, make a hero of his author, for he concludes his prefatory notice of Mr. Longfellow by telling his readers that "the real American poet is a man enormously greater than Longfellow or any other of his poetic compatriots—Walt Whitman." The type of the Wordsworth, though small, is exquisitely clear, and we can heartily recommend this edition to those people who like a poet, but yet do not like him well enough to want to carry him with them—a volume at a time—in their pocket. For ourselves, we would as soon have a whole leg of mutton put on our plate at dinner at one helping, as have Wordsworth given us in a quarto volume.

*Wonders of European Art*. By Louis Viardot. (Sampson Low.) This is a companion volume to the *Wonders of Engraving*, of which we were able to speak highly in our second notice. The photographs with which the work before us is adorned are admirable in their way; indeed we have rarely, if ever, seen any to surpass them. We doubt, however, whether it is wise to reduce so greatly Van Eyck's great picture of "The Adoration of the Lamb." Such a host of figures should scarcely be crowded into a space not larger than the hand can cover.

*Mores Ridiculi*. By J. G. Rogers. (Macmillan.) The illustrations of this work are sufficiently ludicrous, but we must object to the liberties which the author has taken with good old rhymes. What has *Margery Daw* done that she is to be robbed of her old song, and made to figure in a verse where "dirt" is supposed to rhyme with "slut?"

*Zigzagging amongst Dolomites*. (Longmans.) We scarcely commend any over-worked man to look through this charming book, or he will find himself overwhelmed with regret or longing. As he turns over these pleasant sketches of holiday life, he will be wistfully looking back to some past long vacation spent miles and miles away, or he will be counting up the days till the next vacation, which perhaps will have lost, as toil has increased with him, most of its length. To those, however, who in the winter can venture to bring back to their minds the remembrance of summer tours, we can heartily recommend this *Zigzagging*.

Amongst almanacs we must notice *The Licensed Victuallers'*, which seems to contain all that a Licensed Victualler ought to know; *Everyone's Almanac* (Partridge), which in its triple columns gives, *ex. gr.*, sound texts from Scripture in the middle, supported on the right hand by "measures of capacity," and on the left hand by the "wool trade"; and lastly, *The Animals' Friend Almanac*. The illustrations of this last are spirited and surprisingly cheap. Considering its title, however, we are surprised at the information given. What have the animals to do with the date of General Wolfe's death (even if it were on January 2, 1727, when he was exactly a year old)? When partridge or grouse-shooting begins would be more to the point, but from such information as this they are carefully excluded. Christmas Numbers scarcely deserve any notice at all, as they have for the most part become as bad as bad can be. We content ourselves therefore with naming *Only Once a Year*, edited by H. Mayhew, and *A Strange Case*, the Christmas Number of *Tinsley's Magazine*. From such sweeping condemnation we must except, no doubt, *The Christmas Number of the Monthly Packet*, as it is edited by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Why it should be specially intended for "members of the English Church" we fail to see. The story of *Lady Dumbledon's Pig* might be read, we should have thought, by a moderate Dissenter.

Among illustrated books for little people we must notice *Routledge's Album for Children*, *Pictures and Stories of Natural History* (Nelson and Sons), and *The Children's Picture Pastime* (Sampson Low). This last, as we can warrant after trial, will amuse children for many hours of these wintry days.

\* See *Saturday Review*, December 10, 1870.

*Hollybush Hall.* By G. Bowers. (Bradbury, Evans, and Co.) The term has not, unfortunately, commenced at our Universities, or we should have had much pleasure in recommending these hunting sketches as admirably adapted for lying on the tables of all those freshmen who aspire to be thought "knowing."

Mr. H. Lealie's *Musical Annual*, if for no other reason, deserves mention for the illustrations with which it is adorned. We would especially notice the frontispiece by Mr. Millais, and the scene in Venice by Mr. V. Prinsep.

Messrs. Provost and Co. give us an admirably-printed edition of *The Lord of the Isles*, illustrated by some interesting photographs, and Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. an edition of the *First Book of Spenser's Faerie Queene*, illustrated with twelve drawings by Charlotte Morrell. Before we take leave of illustrations altogether, we must not forget to mention *The Publishers' Circular*, which indeed contains a rare medley.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of Germany from the abdication of Charles V. to the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War is a subject eminently suited to the genius of the distinguished historian to whom we are indebted for a brief but pregnant sketch of it. The narrative of a great or exciting period from the pen of Leopold von Ranke\* is usually disappointing, from the historian's lack of picturesqueness, animation, and popular sympathy. He is only fully in his element when bringing to light the hidden actions and still more deeply hidden motives of princes and statesmen; and the masterly manner in which this department of the historian's task is performed by him cannot allude us into forgetting the existence of the many equally important aspects of history which seem to be omitted from his plan. This defect is much less perceptible in the history of an uneventful time, when great ideas lay dormant, and the people, satisfied with their condition, and confining their aspirations to material welfare, left the conduct of affairs mainly in the hands of their rulers. At such a period the history of diplomacy really is the history of the country. Such was the case with Germany during the seventy years of peaceful and inglorious prosperity that fall within the scope of Ranke's work; and it certainly would appear that the interruption of this tranquillity by the Thirty Years' War was far more due to the mischievous intrigues of statesmen than to any such inherent necessity as forced the French Revolution or the American Civil War on an unwilling people, which would require a finer analysis than appears to fall within the compass of his powers. Ranke's work is accordingly very adequate, and admiration of the research and sagacity of the historian supplies to some extent the lack of any very fervid interest in the comparatively barren era he describes. The work is divided into two portions—one treating of the times of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II., the other continuing the history down to the definitive rupture between the Catholic and Protestant sections of the Empire. The former was written forty years ago, and the materials for it are partly derived from the correspondence of the Venetian Ambassador and other documents discovered by Ranke during a visit to Italy. His view of Ferdinand's character is very favourable, and his portrait of this prince, as well as of the contemporary Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, deserves notice as a model of historical cabinet-painting. The weakness of the well-meaning Maximilian II., who prepared the way for all the misfortunes of Germany by allowing himself to be seduced by the insinuations of Philip II. from his original equitable intentions towards his Protestant subjects, is very effectively exhibited—not the less so, perhaps, from the author's unimpassioned style, and his reluctance to pronounce a moral verdict. The omission is sure to be amply supplied by the reader. The second part is chiefly occupied with those narratives of negotiations, and investigations into the springs of policy, in which the historian's forte eminently consists.

The most interesting articles in the last number of Von Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*† are those on the financial administration of Hamburg in the fourteenth century; on the condition of Switzerland at the Reformation, illustrated by a private diary of the period; and on the relations of Tuscany with the French Republic during the first Revolution.

The correspondence of Dr. Strauss and M. Renan‡ on the present war has attracted such general attention that it is sufficient to note the publication of the three letters in a collected form. The difference of tone between the first and second of Dr. Strauss's letters is a significant instance of the deteriorating effect of excessive good fortune, even upon a naturally candid and equitable temper.

The first volume of what promises to be a very extensive collection of essays on German archaeology, by K. Müllenhoff§, is chiefly occupied by an investigation of the geographical know-

ledge of the western and northern coasts of Europe possessed by the ancients, not much of which has any immediate reference to Germany. There is, for example, a long and learned disquisition on the *Ora Maritima* of Rufus Avienus, the groundwork of which is pronounced to have been a Phœnician itinerary, translated into Greek by a citizen of Marseilles. There is much about the geography of Eratosthenes, not a little on the adventures of Ulysses, and not much for which the title-page would have prepared us. We may except a comment on the voyage of Pytheas, which, including a portion of the German coast, brings the author at last fairly into contact with his subject. A great amount of curious information is collected in the work, and the writer's own views are ably propounded and well supported; the great drawbacks are his tendency to digression and the superfluity of his style.

The third and concluding volume of Schelling's correspondence\* comprises a much longer period than its predecessors, but is greatly inferior to them both in extent and interest. The last forty years of Schelling's life, though not unhappy or unprosperous as regards external circumstances, present a dispiriting contrast to the exuberant intellectual activity of his youth. Like Coleridge, he was eternally in travail with a new philosophical system, which was certain, if only he could anyhow complete it and get it published, to solve all enigmas, reconcile all contradictions, and relieve perplexed mankind from the burden of metaphysical cogitation for the future. The difference was that, while Coleridge's lofty speculations were never desecrated by being committed to paper, but hung in the chambers of his intellect like the gammon of bacon in the Irishman's cottage, "for a show," Schelling was perfectly in earnest about his, and only said nothing because, in fact, he had nothing to say. Having once translated the axioms of Spinoza into a language as attractive to poetical minds as the original was repelling, he had in truth fulfilled his mission. Spinoza's conceptions remained incapable of development in his hands, and the only further use he could find for them was to attempt an impossible reconciliation between them and a totally opposite order of ideas. A secret consciousness of the impracticability of the task sufficiently accounts for the intellectual torpor of his latter years, and the nervous dread of publicity which, when at length reports of his lectures began to be published, led him to discontinue them altogether. This was at Berlin, whither he had repaired on the invitation of the late King of Prussia. Schelling enjoyed respect and consideration to the last; his social position was in many respects brilliant, but the limited scope and more limited interest of his correspondence painfully indicates the decline of his intellectual influence. It is in the main addressed to relatives or disciples, the most noticeable exception being a series of letters to Victor Cousin. In these, as well as in the rest, the writer's jealousy of Hegel breaks out in the most amusing manner. It must be admitted that his position towards his former disciple was a very difficult one. Of late years the interest in Schelling's philosophy seems to be rekindling, and the movement will no doubt advance *pau passim* with any revival of imaginative literature that may be in store for Germany. We may predict, however, that it will be confined to the poetical conceptions of his youth, and will pass by the mystic extravagances and spasmodic efforts after originality of what should have been his prime. It should perhaps be added that the present collection is by no means a complete edition of Schelling's letters, the most important having already appeared in separate publications. Neither is it perfect so far as it goes, the bulk of the letters having been prepared for publication by the persons to whom they were addressed, who have made omissions at their discretion.

The life of Washington Irving† is a subject which can hardly fail to please in the hands of a writer of good taste and good feeling. Herr Adolf Laun possesses both, and his literary tact has enabled him to compile a very agreeable narrative from the copious materials provided by Irving's nephew. Novelty of matter is of course not to be expected, and Irving's qualities as an author lie too evidently on the surface to admit of any profound critical discoveries. Herr Laun has judiciously abstained from efforts after either kind of originality, and confined himself to narrating the personal and literary incidents of his hero's career in a sympathizing spirit, and a transparent, unembarrassed style.

"Science has no enemy but ignorance," and the judicious reader will have little difficulty in conjecturing that the adversary against whom Herr Boden‡ has undertaken the defence of the German classical writers, Goethe and Lessing in particular, can be no other than Wolfgang Menzel. It is no doubt desirable to know all that can be urged against intellectual potentates, and we probably ought to feel obliged to Herr Menzel, who is a sort of German Veuillot, and a much abler writer than his antagonist is willing to admit, for charging himself with the useful but invidious office of *advocatus diaboli*. This does not in any way diminish our satisfaction at seeing him put down so effectually as he is here by Herr Boden. The accusations repelled are mainly those of profligacy and excessive self-admiration as respects Goethe, and of a fanatical

\* *Zur Deutschen Geschichte. Vom Religionsfrieden bis zum dreissigjährigen Krieg.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Historische Zeitschrift.* Herausgegeben von H. von Sybel. Jahrg. 12, Hft. 3. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Krieg und Friede. Zwei Briefe an Ernst Renan, nebst dessen Antwort auf den ersten.* Von D. F. Strauss. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Deutsche Alterthumskunde.* Von K. Müllenhoff. Bd. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Aus Schelling's Leben. In Briefen.* Bd. 3. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Washington Irving. Ein Lebens- und Charakterbild.* Von Adolf Laun. 2 Bde. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Nutt.

‡ *Vertheidigung Deutscher Klassiker gegen neuere Angriffe.* Von A. Boden. Erlangen: Besold. London: Nutt.

hatred of Christianity as concerns Lessing. Herr Menzel seems to be clearly convicted of a most disingenuous treatment of evidence in support of his case.

Some information about Lessing may be derived from a little book edited by the present occupant of his post as librarian at Wolfenbüttel\*, but it is in general of very little value. The publication consists partly of letters by or relating to Lessing from the archives of the library, and partly of contemporary notices. Both are in general insignificant enough; the most interesting relate to the steps he took to obtain permission to publish the celebrated Wolfenbüttel Fragments, and the ecclesiastical remonstrances which the publication called forth.

Dr. von Hartsen's† logical investigations are too technical for any but practised logicians; but his appendix on the theological argument and cognate questions is sufficiently lucid, and highly entertaining from the acumen displayed in the exposure of fallacies. At the same time the impression produced is rather of the writer's acuteness than of his earnestness, and it is difficult to suppose that he seriously acquiesces in the conclusions at which he seems to arrive. The same remarks are even more applicable to the very clever essay gravely put forth as an attempt to reconcile philosophy and religion, and appended to another treatise.‡ The only way in which we can imagine this lively brochure conducive to its object is by its tendency to unite the philosophic and the devout in a common onslaught upon the peacemaker.

Dr. H. Schmick's§ experiences as an assistant-master in English schools form the substance of an interesting little book, which may be read with profit by his countrymen and ours. With one exception, the four establishments with which he was successively connected would seem from his account to have been fair representatives of as many well-known types of middle-class educational institutions. Though frequently obliged to censure the crude style of average English instruction, and other weak points, Dr. Schmick is no indiscriminate fault-finder, and even seems to consider that the morality and independence of character fostered by the English system more than compensates for its great inferiority in an intellectual point of view. He also appears to regard the interference of Government with private educational enterprise as a very doubtful advantage. A curious anecdote is given of an attempt to supply the want of Government inspection through the agency of the College of Preceptors. We are told that "a solemn personage deputed by that body visited the school, investigated the system of instruction, made a most favourable report, and took his departure, unconscious of the mirth he had provoked by deriving *is, ea, id* from the Hebrew!"

Professor Hebler|| has done himself some injustice with the reading world by bestowing the title of "Philosophical Essays" on his little volume of critiques. They have little connexion with metaphysics, and are abstruse neither in thought nor in style. They treat of such generally interesting and comprehensible subjects as the influence of the Copernican system on religion and philosophy, Mill's utilitarianism, Plato's doctrine of the forgiveness of enemies. One is æsthetical, on the various poetical conceptions of Joan of Arc. All these subjects are very pleasantly and intelligently discussed.

Herr Kreyssig¶ is a champion of the realistic school in fiction, and Freytag and Fritz Reuter are his heroes among contemporary German novelists. Other writers are treated with a degree of respect proportioned to the nearness of their approach to these models. Thus Auerbach, Spielhagen, and Fanny Lewald come off well; while Gutzken is unmercifully assailed. As a rule, it must be admitted that Herr Kreyssig's favouritism is not ill bestowed, and that his book may be useful as a guide to the German novels which are best worth reading. We should have liked some more adequate recognition of the fact that an unsuccessful writer who has aimed at an ideal standard may, if less satisfactory as a novelist, yet be more interesting as a personage than the most faithful copyist of every-day life. Herr Kreyssig, however, is too unimaginative for such refinements of criticism; he is a Julian Schmidt in miniature.

Dr. Tschischwitz\*\*, one of the most indefatigable labourers in the field of Shakspearian research, has added another to the numerous German translations of the Sonnets already existing.† It is accurate as any of its predecessors, but not so poetical as some among them.

It is interesting to obtain a trustworthy estimate of the number of patriotic poems composed in Germany since the commencement of the war. They already amount to six hundred thousand. Such, at least, is the computation of one of the poets, Herr Julius

Sturm\*, who says that his country possesses "as many songs as bayonets." It might have occurred to him that, if this were the case, it behoved him to be very cautious how he added to their number. It will be much if among the six hundred thousand there are six with any pretensions to inspiration, and not the sixth fraction of six will be found in the little volume of Herr Sturm. The decent commonplace of his verse is relieved by occasional lapses into bathos; as when the people of Strasburg, having been duly condoled with on the bombardment of their city, are bidden to rejoice in the prospect of getting compensation out of the pockets of their ex-countrymen, the Parisians.

Herr F. A. Leo† is decidedly not afflicted with a superabundance of ideas. It takes him sixteen lines to inform a little boy that he cannot stop the Rhine with his foot; and he cannot tell a young lady that she sings like an angel without a note of exclamation, as though the fact were in any way surprising. His diction, however, is good, and his versification musical.

There is considerable humour in *Pesach Pardel*‡, a mock-heroic poem in which the iambic senarius—sufficiently elastic in Greek, but the most portentously solemn of metrical forms in modern languages—is used as the vehicle of burlesque with real effect.

It would require considerable acquaintance with an obscure period of German history to determine positively whether Jürgen Wullenweber§, Burgomaster of Lubeck towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was a patriot or a pirate. He was executed in the latter capacity, but the decisions of the mercenary and unpatriotic German princelings of his period inspire the student of history with little respect, and are certainly in no way binding upon the dramatic poet. By treating Wullenweber as the representative of German maritime enterprise, Herr Kruse has not unskillfully enlisted a legitimate national sentiment in favour of his piece, and insured for it an effectiveness to which its literary merit alone would hardly have entitled it.

\* 1870. *Kampf- und Sieges-Gedichte*. Von Julius Sturm. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

† *Gedichte*. Von F. A. Leo. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

‡ *Pesach Pardel. Ein modernes Epos. Hilpah und Shalum. Eine vorsündfluthliche Geschichte*. Von Julius Grosse. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

§ *Wullenweber. Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen*. Von Heinrich Kruse. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Price 6d.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—FIFTH SEASON.**—The New Series of CONCERTS will consist of SIX, to be given on the first Six Wednesdays in 1871. The following Artists are engaged to appear at the First Concert, Wednesday, January 4: Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Arabella Smyth, Madlle. Drasill and Madame Paley, Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The Part-Music under the direction of Mr. Fielding. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hutton. The Programmes will contain a great number of New Songs and Ballads, written expressly for these Concerts by J. Benedict, Arthur Sullivan, J. Blumenthal, J. L. Molloy, Frederic Clay, F. H. Cowen, Hamilton Aldie, Comyn Vaughan, and Miss Philip. A Selection will also be given from the new Volume of Songs by Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Sullivan.—Stalls, 6s.; Gallery, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chapell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Procter, & Co., 48 Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—THE NINTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS IS NOW OPEN, 48 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. One on dark days. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

**THE COAST OF NORWAY.**—An EXHIBITION of DRAWINGS and PAINTINGS by ELIAH WALTON, including "THE MIDNIGHT SUN," "FALL MALE GALLERY," 48 Pall Mall (Mr. Thompson's).—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s. Ten till dusk.

**DORÉ GALLERY.**—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

**ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, Burlington House.**—The EXHIBITION of the WORKS of the OLD MASTERS, associated with Works of deceased Masters of the British School, will Open on Monday, January 2, 1871.—Admission from 9 A.M. till Dusk. One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence; Season Tickets, not transferable, Five Shillings.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, B.A., Secretary.

\* *Zur Erinnerung an G. E. Lessing. Briefe und Aktenstücke*. Herausgegeben von O. von Heinemann. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Unternehmungen über Logik*. Von Dr. F. A. von Hartsen. Leipzig: Thomas. London: Rolandi.

‡ *Grundlegung von Aesthetik, Moral und Erziehung. Mit einem neuen Versuch, Philosophie und Religion zu versöhnen*. Von Dr. F. A. Hartsen. Halle: Pfeffer. London: Rolandi.

§ *Mittheilungen aus dem englischen Schulleben*. Von Dr. H. Schmick. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Philosophische Aufsätze*. Von C. Hebler. Leipzig: Fues. London: Nutt.

¶ *Vorlesungen über den deutschen Roman der Gegenwart*. Von F. Kreyssig. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Shakspeare's Sonette*. Deutsch von Benno Tschischwitz. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.